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"BETTER FOOD" ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.
FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA
Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.
300 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

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WHAT! not got a Sample yet?

You Can Have One FREE.

A Sample of the most wonderful Food Beverage ever introduced will be sent you, in a new dainty imitation oxydised silver sample box, without any cost whatever.

This exceptional offer is made to introduce the undoubted merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.

We know from experience that a trial will make you a regular customer.

The Unique Vitalising and Restorative Powers of Vi-Cocoa are being recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation; and with the main object of still further making known to the public the manifold advantages of so palatable and refreshing a beverage, attention is hereby called to an offer which, unparalleled as it is, as an absolute test of merit, is being welcomed daily by many thousands of people.

THIS DAINTY SAMPLE BOX FREE.

Particulars of a magnificent free offer will be forwarded with each sample. This unprecedented offer is made as a means of introducing so palatable and invigorating a preparation into every home. You are invited to write without delay, as the number of applications is increasing daily.

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BILLIARD TABLES.

"I'm Well

Because of Liquozone," is a Tale Told Everywhere.

In almost every village—every neighbourhood—there are living examples of what Liquozone can do. Wherever you are, you need not go far to find someone who has been helped by it.

Talk to some of those cured ones; perhaps your own friends are among them. Ask if they advise you to try Liquozone. Or let us give you a bottle, and learn its power for yourself. If you need help, please don't wait longer; don't remain ill. Let us show to you—as we have to millions—what Liquozone can do.

What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest repute. The object is so to fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalising, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the British rights of Liquozone after thousands of tests had been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to give the first bottle free in every disease that required it. Over £200,000 have been spent to announce and fulfil this offer. The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. To-day there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, who tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is still published. In late years, science has traced numbers of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sufferers—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

Asthma	Fevers—Gall Stones
Abscess—Anæmia	Goitre—Gout
Bronchitis	Hay Fever
Blood Poison	Influenza
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Piles—Quinsy
Consumption	Rheumatism
Contagious Diseases	Scrofula
Cancer—Catarrh	Skin Diseases
Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Tuberculosis
Dyspepsia—Dandruff	Tumours—Ulcers
Eczema—Erysipelas	Throat Troubles

Also most forms of the following:—

Kidney Troubles	Liver Troubles
Stomach Troubles	Women's Diseases

Fever, inflammation or catarrh—impure or poisoned blood—usually indicate a germ attack.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitaliser, accomplishing remarkable results.

A 2s/3d Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then post you an order on a local chemist for a 2s. 3d. bottle, which he will give you, on our account, to try. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 1/1½, 2/3 and 4/6.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill out the blanks and send it in a sealed envelope to the British Liquozone Co. Ltd., 60 Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

My disease is ....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it.

NAME ....

STREET ....

188 C TOWN .... CO. ....

Note that this offer applies to new users only.

Any doctor or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE BIG FREE BOOK in which H. Samuel introduces buyers to the world's finest and most varied assortment of RINGS, WATCHES, BROOCHES, GEMS, PLATE, CUTLERY &c.

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25/-

THE "ACME" LEVER ¾-plate movement in SOLID SILVER CASE, WARRANTED FOR 7 YEARS. SOLID SILVER ALBERT ... WITH "ACME"

H. SAMUEL, MANCHESTER.

START THIS CONTEST TO-DAY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

To Interest. To Elevate. To Amuse.

No. 802. Transmission at Book Rates. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1905. Entered at Stationers Hall. One Penny.

First Prize . . .

£100 A YEAR FOR FIVE YEARS.

Consolation Gifts . .

50 SPLENDID GRAMOPHONES, Worth from One Guinea to Three Guineas Each.

Great Station Hunting Contest.

Below will be found six groups of letters. In each case the letters, when arranged in their proper order, will form the name or names of one or more railway stations in the United Kingdom. Another six groups of letters will appear next week, and every week until ten sets have appeared.

We print above each group of letters a picture indicating the name of, at least, one station which will be found in the letters underneath it. These pictures do not necessarily indicate the best solutions.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO is to discover the *greatest number of names of stations* to be made from each group of letters, using each letter only as many times as it appears, but not necessarily using *all* the letters. Your task is *not* to find the longest name of a station, but to find the *greatest number* of names of stations from each group. For example: In the letters E E E E H L Y you will find the name HEELEY. But you can also make two names out of these letters, viz., LEE and EYE, which are the names of two railway stations. LEE and EYE, therefore, would count two, whereas HEELEY would count only one.

The conditions which you have to observe are few and simple:

Only the names of those stations printed in the list which appears in the issues of "Smith's Weekly" dated November 18th and 25th, will be allowed.

Copies may be obtained through all newsagents, or will be forwarded for 3½d. on application to the Publisher, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

(1) Solutions must be clearly written in ink in the space provided. Each separate name must begin with a capital letter.

(2) No alterations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

(3) When you have found and written down the names of stations, put the *number* you find in each series on the space provided, cut out each set and keep it by you. *Do not send in your sets until you are told to.*

(4) Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of solutions as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner.

(5) The winner of the first prize will be the competitor from whom we receive solutions containing the greatest number of names of stations (under the conditions). The Fifty Gramophones (Consolation Gifts) will be awarded in order of merit. The prizes in this competition will be open equally to the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, Smith's Weekly, and Home Notes.

(6) The first prize of £100 a year for five years will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such monthly payment, and his receipt alone will be recognised.

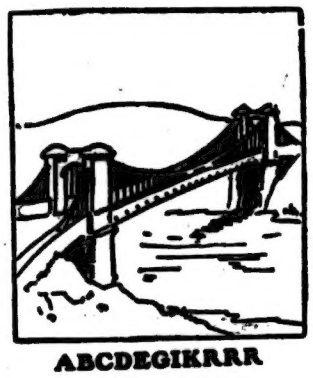
(7) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

CUT HERE.

SECOND SET.

CIKLOOWW

7. .....



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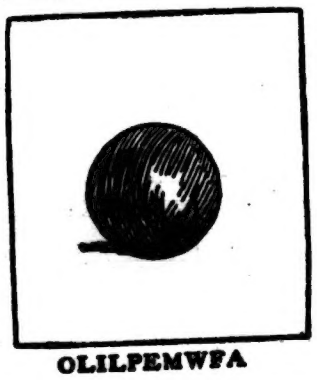

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11. .....

MOHESCCIIRK

12. .....

CUT HERE.

Name .....

Address .....

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Number of names of Stations. } .....

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ONE GOOD REASON.

"Is it possible," queried the man with the ginger whiskers on a visit to India, "that women work in cigar factories in this country?"

"Yes, in some of them," answered the listener. "Why shouldn't they?"

"For this reason, among others," said the tourist, sadly exhibiting a rusty hairpin he had extracted from a cigar of the "Flor De Digulum" Brand.

"You lazy boy! I thought that when I gave you that penny you promised to work a bit in the garden. Now, what have you done?"

"Please m'm, I've been chasing the snails from the flower-beds!"

"Father," said the son of the millionaire, "I want a motor-car."

"What?" exclaimed the parent. "Where is the last one I bought you?"

"Why, father, you know that was nearly a month ago."

The man with the big shirt-front indignantly asserted himself.

"I won't be ordered around as if I was a slave," he exclaimed. "It's no disgrace to be a waiter!"

"Maybe not," said the dyspeptic guest, "but it's a disgrace to be such a waiter as you are."

POORNESS ACCOUNTED FOR.

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighbouring town intrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon.

"It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied promptly; "nothing in it at all."

Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got on.

"Oh! very well," was the reply. "I didn't have time to prepare anything, so I preached one of your unused sermons."

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly-looking fat man, "these cars should charge by weight."

"Think so?" replied the fat man; "why, they'd hardly think it worth while to stop for you."

The teacher was telling the class that the tongue was the organ of speech, and that without it a man could not talk.

At this Johnny held up his hand.

"Well, Johnnie, what is it?"

"I heard a man say the other day that it was so cold it made his teeth chatter."

It was at a country village railway station, and as a train came in a yokel asked the solitary porter if it was the train for Bury.

He was told it was the train.

Then he jumped into a first-class compartment.

The official, knowing he was a third-class passenger, said: "Look here, that's for those who travel first."

"It's all right," was the reply, "I was here first."

THE OPEN WINDOW.

Blossom (to commercial traveller sitting by open window): "Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying."

C. T. (pleasantly): "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it."

Blossom: "I wish you would close it, sir."

C. T.: "I should like to accommodate you, but I can't."

Blossom: "Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

C. T.: "I certainly do."

Blossom: "If you don't close it, I will."

C. T.: "You won't."

Blossom: "If I come over there, I will."

C. T.: "I don't think you will."

Blossom: "I'll ask you once more, sir; will you close that window?"

C. T.: "No, sir; I will not."

Blossom (getting on his feet): "Then I will, sir."

C. T.: "I would like to see you do it."

Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window): "I'll show you whether I will or not, sir."

C. T. (as Blossom tugs at window): "Why don't you close it?"

Blossom (getting red in the face): "It—appears—to be stuck."

C. T.: "Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

By Proxy.

.. By ..

J. ANTHONY McDONALD.

I.

BOB MONTGOMERY and I were old chums. We had fraternised at school in a truly Damon-and-Pythias manner touching to witness. We swore eternal friendship in those good old days, and faced the battle of life together when we shook from our feet the dust of that temple of Minerva wherein we had slaked our thirst at the fountain of knowledge.

Being possessed of a literary turn of mind, Bob turned his back on our little Devonshire village and gravitated to London, that Mecca of every literary pilgrim.

My hobby was music—my one desire to win fame by my compositions. What field could offer such scope for the young musician as the Great City? Fired with dreams of future greatness, I followed Bob up to town. We secured lodgings together in a modest little suburb—rent not too high for our somewhat slender means—and settled down resolutely to carve our respective roads to fame and fortune.

After many vicissitudes, Bob secured a fairly good position on a newly started evening paper, on which I was fortunate enough to get installed as musical critic. Prior to this a couple of my songs had reached the public through the medium of one of the foremost musical publishers, and had "gone down" well.

As Bob himself phrased it, "things were looking up."

The new paper was an undoubted success—it "caught on" after the first six months—a result largely attributable to the energy of its editor, Richard Grahame, formerly sub-editor on the DAILY TRUMPERER.

Grahame was an old journalistic hand (having been connected with the London press for over thirty years), and, owing to his genial manner and thorough honesty, there was not a more popular member of the profession.

He took a great liking to Bob and myself, and we frequently spent very pleasant evenings at his house. He was a widower, with one daughter—a sweet, winsome girl just out of her teens.

It would take a more facile pen than mine to describe Nellie Grahame, so I will not attempt it. I will simply quote Bob's summing up—"As nice a girl as you'd meet in a day's walk"—which is but a meagre description, after all.

Bob, be it mentioned, was always a hot-headed, impetuous youth, so it is not to be wondered at that he should straightway fall head over ears in love with his chief's pretty daughter.

But what was certainly surprising was the fact that I—unemotional, phlegmatic John Adams ("Steady John" he usually called me)—should actually go and do likewise.

I couldn't help it, really. One glance from Miss Nellie Grahame's mischievous blue eyes was more than enough for me, and I succumbed. But not a word did I say to Bob on the subject, having an instinctive dislike to bare my heart to even him, my dearest, truest friend.

I felt somehow that I cherished a hopeless passion, for did not he worship at the same shrine? What chance could I have—plain (not to say ugly), slow, and plodding—against my brilliant chum, so handsome and noble-hearted?

He, on the other hand, made no secret of his ardent desire to woo and win the "dearest girl on earth" (I am quoting him again), which was just a little hard for me to listen to unmoved.

The young lady in question was equally gracious to both of us, her manner being perhaps a little more friendly to myself.

"Of course," I reasoned it out, "she doesn't for a moment imagine I care two pins for her, and she likes me because I am Bob's bosom friend."

And then I would settle down at the piano in our little sitting-room and pour all my feelings into a dreamy nocturne—a habit I had when in troubled mood.

II.

ONE evening Bob came in looking rather glum, and sat down to tea with a very preoccupied manner. He answered my occasional queries with monosyllabic replies—not always coherent—and appeared to be in an extremely brown study.

Feeling sure he would get it off his mind in due course, I maintained a most discreet silence for a considerable time, awaiting developments.

Suddenly he looked up and relieved himself thus:

"John, old man, I'm a chicken-hearted donkey."

I looked him over critically, and mentally cogitated whether it was overwork or the hot weather which affected him. I decided finally on the former theory.

"I think you ought to give yourself a rest for a week or two," I observed diplomatically.

"Rest be hanged!" was the energetic and unexpected retort, as he rose excitedly to his feet, kicking over the chair, which fell with a crash. Not heeding it, he continued: "I want your advice and assistance."

"To smash the furniture?" I hazarded.

"Look here, John," said he, coming over and placing his hand on my shoulder, "we've always been true friends to one another." I nodded inquiringly. "I want you now to do for me what I am too much of a coward to do for myself—will you do it?"

"Bob," said I, grasping his hand with an affectionate clasp, "it is hardly necessary for you to ask. Of course I'll do it, whatever it is. It must be something very much out of the common to knock you off your balance like that. Just trot it out, and I'm your man."

"Thank you, John," he said, squeezing my hand heartily. "I was fully assured you'd help me over the stile. Are you going over to the Grahames' to-night?"

"Well, that's rather a superfluous question, considering we drop over there nearly every night."

He turned away from me and stood for a few moments staring out through the window. Then he spoke abruptly, his back still turned to me:

"I want you to plead my cause for me to Nellie Grahame."

Had a thunderbolt landed in the room I could not have been more astounded. Fortunately, he did not look round, or my face must have betrayed me. After a slight pause, he went on:

"You know I love her sincerely. I have for weeks past endeavoured to put my thoughts into words, but when I am in her presence all my courage oozes out, and I feel a veritable coward. The long and the short of it is—I cannot do it. Will you do it for me? She looks upon you now as an old friend"—I winced a little—"and I am sure you could put things to her in a nice way and make it all plain sailing. I think she does care for me just a little"—"There seems to be no doubt about that," I acknowledged mentally—"and I am sure, John, for the sake of our long friendship, you'll do this much for me."

I felt a mist gather in my eyes as he spoke, for if ever one man loved another I loved Bob Montgomery—dear old Bob.

My thoughts travelled back to the old schooldays. I remembered how he had fought for me against the two or three bigger fellows who wanted to bully me. I thought of the time when he had saved my life at the risk of his own when, with a batch of other youngsters, we went swimming in the old mill pond. On the tablet of my memory was recorded the vow I made on that never-to-be-forgotten day—a mental vow to lay down my life for him if such a course should ever become necessary.

I closed my eyes a moment to shut out the face of Nellie Grahame, which seemed to rise as through a mist.

"Well, John?"

With a start I jumped up, to find he had turned and was watching me anxiously. For a moment my glance avoided his, and then I had made up my mind.

"I will do it, Bob."

"Thank you, old man," was all he said, but his look expressed more than the simple words. Rather hurriedly I donned my outdoor habiliments and sallied from the house, determined on immediate action.

III.

ON reaching the Grahames' domicile I found that Mr. Grahame was out and his daughter alone in the drawing-room.

She came forward to meet me with a frank, winning smile, and as I gazed for a moment into her bright eyes my heart rose up in hot rebellion against the thought of pleading for another suitor.

"Good-evening, Mr. Adams. What has happened to your bosom friend that he is not with you?"

"He is not well; that is—I mean, he was unable to accompany me," I stammered in rather a halting fashion, as she looked at me inquiringly. "In fact, Miss Grahame, he did not come because I wished most particularly to have a private conversation with you on a most vital subject."

She opened her eyes wide at this rather portentous announcement, and motioned me to a seat. I drew over a chair and sat down beside her. "Now for it," thought I, setting my teeth together with a resolute snap.

"Were you ever in love, Miss Grahame?" I hazarded, not exactly knowing how to come to the point.

She blushed a little and turned her head aside, asking after a slight pause:

"Why do you ask such a strange question?"

"Because I—he—that is—I mean——" I stopped in some confusion. She shot a quick glance at me, but said nothing.

"Miss Grahame—Nellie," I went on hurriedly, "there is a certain gentleman whose dearest wish is to call you his; from the day upon which he first met you he has loved you. He hopes his love may not have been in vain, but that it has touched a responsive chord. Is that hope futile?"

She grew rosy red, and played nervously with the bunch of seals on her chain. I moved my chair a little nearer and laid my hand on hers. It trembled in my clasp like a prisoned bird fluttering in its cage.

"Nellie, will you answer me?"

She gave me a shy look, that nearly made me forget I was pleading for another person; but I thought of poor old Bob anxiously awaiting the return of his ambassador, and I conscientiously endeavoured to plead his cause honestly. Without giving her time to frame an answer, I plunged on:

"He's the noblest-hearted fellow on earth, and well worthy of you. I would stake all I possess—my life even—on Bob Montgomery's honour."

She snatched her hand from mine and turned on me a glance of most thorough surprise. Her face grew pale as she queried in a low tone:

"Am I to understand, Mr. Adams, that what you have just said is on behalf of Mr. Montgomery?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Graham," I answered hastily. "I must not have made my meaning sufficiently clear. I thought you understood me."

She gave me a look, half pained, half angry, and turned away without speaking, very much to my discomfiture.

"Miss Grahame," I said hurriedly, "I'm afraid I have made rather a mess of it, but really I didn't mean to. I thought myself you had a very strong liking for my friend, who is really a thoroughly good fellow. I am sure he worships the very ground you walk on, and no wonder—that is, I mean——"

She smiled a queer little smile and put out her hand, the rich colour again lighting up her face.

"You must excuse me now, Mr. Adams. I must think over what you have said. You have taken me by surprise."

"I hope I have not offended you," I murmured apologetically as I took the proffered hand in mine.

"I am not easily offended," she returned smilingly, adding as an afterthought: "I do not think *you* could say anything which would offend me."

"Thank you"—and, moved by an irresistible impulse, I stooped and kissed the little hand I held. She blushed furiously, her fingers trembling in mine, and said hurriedly:

"Don't think me rude if I send you away now. I will write you by an early post. Good-bye."

I murmured some kind of confused adieu and took my departure, feeling not too well pleased with the manner in which I had carried out my delicate mission. I found Bob striding up and down the little sitting-room as if in training for a pedestrian handicap. Before I was well inside the door he had seized me by the shoulder and queried:

"What news?"

"Indefinite," I returned briefly. "Miss Grahame has promised to think over it and write"—with which he was forced to remain content.

IV.

FOR the next couple of days poor old Bob was in a condition of nervous tension, which proved rather a strain on my usually steady nerves.

Every step in the quiet little street in which we lived resulted in a headlong rush to the window to see if the newcomer was a postman bearing the all-important epistle—so anxiously awaited, so long delayed. But the postman came and the postman went, morning, noon, and night, without result.

On the third evening, however, the familiar double knock was heard reverberating through the house. Bob at once rushed out on the landing and looked over.

"For the other gentleman, sir," said the trim little servant maid, tripping upstairs with a small parcel in her hand.

Bob was so disappointed that he forgot to say "Thank you" as he seized the parcel and tossed it across the room to me.

A small, neat package it was, addressed "John Adams, Esq.," in a handwriting distinctly feminine. I cut the cord and opened up the brown paper covering, bringing to light a small blue and gold bound volume bearing the legend "Longfellow's Poems" stamped on the back.

Bob's curiosity was aroused, and, reaching over, he picked up the book. As he did so a folded sheet of paper slipped from it and fluttered to the floor. I seized it, spread it out, and read the following:

"See page 113 for my answer.—N. GRAHAME."

In a moment I had snatched the little volume from him and eagerly turned to the page quoted. The leaf was folded down—it was the "Courtship of Miles Standish"—and four lines were marked with blue pencil:

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival:
Archly the maiden smiled, and with tears overrunning with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

The book fell from my hand as I realised the significance of that last line:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The twilight sky seemed to glow with all the radiance of noon. I seemed to hear the music of birds in the air. My heart beat tumultuously with an ecstasy of sudden joy. Utterly oblivious of Bob, I started up and, seizing my hat, rushed from the house straight to the Grahames.

Fortunately, Nellie was alone when I entered unbidden—not waiting to be announced.

As I crossed the threshold she turned to greet me, and I read that in her eyes which—blind fool as I was—I had failed to read before.

One shy, sweet glance, one tender smile—and I had folded her to my heart.

* * * *

"Poor Bob!" said I some time after, when we had descended to things sublunary, "what will he think of me?"

"You did the best you could for him, John, dear," said Nellie, with an arch smile; "it was not your fault that I did not accept him. I am very sorry for the poor boy, but, you know, I wouldn't give you up, John, for all the Bobs in Christendom."

Now, what answer could I make to that?

HASKELL: "What's Tommy crying for?"

Mrs. Haskell: "Oh! the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door."

Haskell: "H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time."

SHE: "Those flowers are lovely, but I—mamma thinks it is not right for me to accept such gifts unless—unless we are engaged."

HE: "Well, I suppose it must be a match, then. Those flowers cost a pound, and it seems a pity to have the money thrown away."

FATHER: "Cooking schools are of some use after all. This cake is delicious."

Daughter: "Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure."

"Why?"

"I told Bridget exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way."

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

If I Had Unlimited Power.

WHAT SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE WOULD DO.

No. 7.—The Rev. Montague Fowler, M.A.

[MR. FOWLER is one of the best known and most popular clerical workers among the poor. At All Hallows, London Wall, he has done, and is doing, fine work in the way of providing rest and shelter for City workers who, in order to take advantage (for economical reasons) of the workmen's trains, come into the City long before their places of business open for the day, and have nowhere else to go to escape from the dangers of the streets, or the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. Fowler is a son of the late Sir John Fowler, the famous engineer, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and became chaplain to the late Archbishop Benson. Clever and kind-hearted, Mr. Fowler, as will be seen from the following article, does not mince his words where wrongdoing is concerned, and his trenchant criticism of certain evils connected with our hospitals is, it is to be feared, only too well founded.]

To begin with, I would exterminate the "sweater." I would insist on at least a "living wage" for women and children, upon whom the "sweater" mainly preys, and I would make it impossible for a woman to be compelled to work for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four making match-boxes at 2½d. the gross; or for such a case as the following to happen: Mrs. H. was prematurely confined at 6 a.m.; the baby died at 7 a.m.; and at mid-day she was working at her sewing machine making blouses. This was in order to provide food for the family, as her husband was out of work (see Bluebook on Factories and Workshops, col. 2569, p. 275).

HELP FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

We need more thorough registration of employers, and more efficient inspection. Women-workers are handicapped by not having the same opportunities of co-operation and organisation which the other sex have secured for themselves, and my first step would be to help them in this respect. Not that I am by any means an unqualified admirer of the trades unions as at present conducted. They did a great work when they established the principle of the "living wage"; they did an equally great wrong when they limited the individual's output and placed good, bad, and indifferent workmen all on the same level.

Again, I would further protect the working classes by the introduction of a strong and effectual Aliens Bill, which would enact that no alien should come to, or remain within, this country so long as Englishmen and Englishwomen lacked employment, which they could undertake if he were not competing with them.

Charity begins at home, and the charity which welcomes and shelters the destitute alien, while our own poor are starving, is not charity at all, but a flagrant injustice. We allow the alien to come amongst us, to undersell his labour, and to work as long as he pleases, while trades unionism forbids our men to meet him on his own ground. When, as is frequently the case, the alien becomes a pauper or a criminal, our rates are increased in order that we may maintain them in the workhouse or in gaol.

DRASTIC MEASURES FOR THE SHIRKER.

In regard to the undeserving unemployed, the men who go about in fear and trembling lest they might stumble against a job, I would deal very drastically with them. I would place them in a kind of reformatory or settlement, where the rule would be, as in the Church Army Labour Home, "no work, no dinner"; and I would keep them there until, under rigorous discipline, they had acquired the habit of work, and gained, or regained, some foundation of manliness. Then I would put them back into the world and give them a fair start in it. I would invite the Rev. Wilson Carlile, of the Church Army, to undertake the management of this institution.

Offences against women and children I would punish with the cat, liberally applied. I am sure that two years' hard labour, with a dozen strokes of the "cat" every three or six months, would be an effectual deterrent to crimes of this kind. Though a staunch humanitarian, I should oppose the movement for the entire abolition of corporal punishment; and I wish that so-called humanitarians would transfer some of the sympathy they expend on the criminals to their unhappy victims.

OFFENCES AGAINST THE PERSON.

Speaking generally, I would make offences against the person far more serious offences in the eyes of the law than they are. At present the sanctity of property is legally greater than the well-being of the individual.

Our hospitals would be the object of my very close and earnest attention. I would make it impossible for such scandals to occur as that which was the subject of a magisterial investigation last year.

In this instance a four-inch forceps was missed after an operation, having been sewn up by the operating surgeon inside the patient's body; and I would make it equally impossible for two eminent surgeons to go into the witness-box, as happened in this case, and imply that such a blunder was quite unavoidable, being the sort of thing that might happen in the course of any operation, and that really nobody was to blame! Similar "indiscretions" on the part of certain members of the staff of more than one metropolitan hospital have been reported from time to time in the Press.

There are three points in regard to some of our hospitals on which grave dissatisfaction exists in the public mind. These are:

(1) Mismanagement.

(2) Alienation of public funds to objects other than those for which the money was subscribed; and

(3) Want of consideration in the treatment of patients.

WHAT THE PRINCE OF WALES HOLDS NECESSARY.

In regard to the first, I do not think I need say more than that if H.R.H. the Prince of Wales finds it necessary, as he did in an important speech delivered nearly a year ago, to suggest amendments in the management of certain of our hospitals, there must be circumstances urgently requiring revision. The fact is that in our hospitals we do not always get the right men in the right places. The governors and other officials are too often lacking in business knowledge, or unable to devote adequate time and attention to details, while the resident doctors are not, as a rule, sufficiently experienced to discharge the very onerous responsibilities devolving on them. Of course, whenever a hospital doctor or surgeon is criticised, the retort is that he gives his services for nothing. But, in the instance above referred to, these services are not of great value.

In any case, however, it must be remembered that a hospital appointment is of immense commercial benefit as an advertisement for private practice, as well as a valuable daily education in medical and surgical science, unobtainable elsewhere.

There are excellently-managed hospitals, and there are splendid and self-sacrificing surgeons and physicians attached to them, in London and throughout England; and if I had unlimited power I would see to it that these men and institutions should be encouraged and imitated.

THE ALIENATION OF PUBLIC FUNDS.

In regard to the alienation of public funds to other purposes, I need only refer to the report of the committee appointed by the Prince of Wales, of which Sir Edward Fry was Chairman.

The average man, when he sends his subscription to a hospital, does so under the impression that he is thereby helping directly to relieve the trials of some suffering fellow creature, and he would be highly indignant if he knew that 20 per cent. or even 50 per cent. of his gift was to be devoted to the encouragement of vivisection, by being applied to the maintenance of the Medical School.

If a man likes to subscribe for the furtherance of medical research, well and good; but if he gives his "mite" to provide comforts for the patients, he has the right to demand that every penny of it shall be so expended. The Medical School of St. George's Hospital has set an excellent example in this respect by issuing an independent appeal.

I turn now to the third and most serious charge.

Why is it that the poor, especially women, shrink from going into hospital? Is it because they dislike the idea of accepting charity? It is possible that there may be some feeling of the kind, but I believe that many of the poor dread going into hospital on account of the inconsiderate, and sometimes even inhumane, treatment which they or their friends have at times experienced.

WHEN DOCTORS ARE IN A HURRY.

The doctors, of course, will tell you that there is no time in a busy hospital to observe those niceties of conduct which a medical man would show to a private lady patient, and that if the poor get their treatment for nothing, they must put up with these inconveniences in order that the students may be taught. But if a poor woman who goes into hospital cannot expect to be treated with the same regard to her modesty that any paying patient would receive, then the charity so freely expended on our hospitals might well be diverted towards a system of small fees to be paid on behalf of the poor to local doctors.

Happily, however, in spite of the shortcomings in this respect, there are many eminent doctors and surgeons who leave nothing to be desired in the control they exercise over the students, and in the example they set.

Then, again, there must be something radically wrong with the management when out-patients, who are seriously ill, are frequently kept waiting four and five hours—sometimes even without shelter from the rain—before they are seen by the resident medical officer.

No doubt many a doctor will say: "What business has a parson to criticise us? Let him keep to his church and schools, and leave the hospitals alone." My reply is: "If the parsons left the hospitals alone, the great majority of them would be closed in six months. For—and I would have this printed in letters of gold in this paper (if I had unlimited power)—*out of every £100,000 collected on Hospital Sundays, Church people, through their parsons, and largely in response to their appeals, subscribe over £70,000!*

I want to make the hospitals more popular, by calling attention to the blots in our system, which, until they are removed, will continue to check the flow of philanthropic donations to these admirable and Christlike institutions. I would also, in addition to the chaplain, attach a religious sisterhood to every hospital—as the All Saints' Sisters were, I believe, at one time attached to University College Hospital—so that the materialistic and purely scientific side of hospital life, which at present predominates, should be balanced by the religious and spiritual influence of the sisters. This would be of incalculable benefit, not only to the patients, but also to the students, the nurses, and the medical staff.

Turning from questions of philanthropy to the matter of local government, I would check the extravagance of our municipal authorities, and lighten the burden of the rates, which are ruining thousands of tradesmen, and depreciating the value of property everywhere. This could be done by limiting the holding of responsible positions on our county or borough governing bodies to those whom heredity and experience have qualified for dealing with trust money. If my views are somewhat "progressive" in regard to the right of the individual to secure the means of earning fair wages, I am conservative enough to be convinced that power and responsibility should be placed in the hands of those whom long centuries have accustomed to its use. I think it is a mistake to make, so to speak, servants our masters; and the best servants hold this opinion as strongly as their employers.

MATTERS ECCLESIASTICAL.

Turning to ecclesiastical affairs, I would limit the power of the political dissenter to hinder the progress of the Church. I have not a word to say against Nonconformists, among whom I number many good friends, and I believe in absolute freedom of religion. But I have no sympathy with the political dissenter, who uses religion as a cloak for political obstruction and manœuvre.

I would give the Bishops greater power for maintaining discipline and enforcing obedience, whether in regard to faults of omission or of commission. Then I would apply the principle of the living wage to the clergy—had I my way, there would be no curates starving on £80 to £100 a year. Some of my Radical friends will say that that is enough to live upon. It may be for a working man; it certainly is not for one holding the position of a clergyman of the Church of England. So long as the people of this country demand that the clergy shall be men of education, and that, as a rule, they should be married; so long as the clergy and their wives are expected to hold a social position which brings them in touch with the rich, as well as with their poor parishioners; then I maintain that the laity ought to see to it that the stipends of the clergy are sufficient to enable them to fulfil the obligations which are laid upon them.

Finally, I would relieve the clergy of the many vexatious fees and impositions now laid upon them, moneys which, in many cases, go to the maintenance of sinecures.

Turning once more to charitable enterprises, I would adequately endow the Fresh Air Fund, and—but I feel I have said enough; for to carry out even one of the principal reforms I have mentioned would, I fancy, exhaust the resources of "unlimited power."

Montague Fowler

(Next week: Mme. Alice Esty contributes to this series.)

SOLD AGAIN.

A COMMERCIAL traveller quietly came up to a stranger in a railway station just as the train was about to start, and asked:

"Are you going by this train?"

"I am."

"Have you any luggage?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, you might do me a favour. I have two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You take one for me; it will cost you nothing—you see?"

"Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."

"Why, I thought you said you were going by this train?"

"So I am. I'm one of the company's inspectors."

"Oh!"

The extra was paid.

MAMMA (at the breakfast table): "You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie."

Georgie: "I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

PROFESSOR (who married one of his students): "Emily used to be one of the most attractive listeners, but since she's been my wife she won't listen to me at all."

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

SLEEPING WITH OPEN EYES.

All fishes which sleep do so with their eyes open, as they are not provided with eyelids, and cannot, therefore, close their eyes. From experiments made, it was discovered that some fishes have no preference for the night-time, but sleep equally well during the day.

They may be observed resting quite motionless for periods, apparently in sleep, except that, having no eyelids, they are unable to close their eyes or exclude all influence from without.

The hare also sleeps with its eyes open, for the simple reason that its eyes are unprovided with eyelids. Instead of these, there is a thin membrane which covers the eye when asleep. This membrane, as in the case of certain birds, folds like a curtain in the corner of the eye, and, by an instantaneous action, flies back when sight is required, leaving the eye immediately and fully open for the exercise of sight.

Some birds, such as the eagle, also have this membrane, which, when at rest, lies in the corner of the eye, folded up like a drawn curtain.

Johnny: "I wish my folks would agree upon one thing and not keep me all the time in a worry."

Tommy: "What have they been doing now?"

Johnny: "Mother won't let me stand on my head, and dad is all the time fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast."

OUR SAILORS' UNIFORM.

Our sailors first wore uniforms in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when she ordered that naval commanders were to wear scarlet. This order was confirmed by James I. During subsequent reigns, however, it lapsed, and the Navy appear to have worn uniforms according to each commander's fancy.

The introduction of a regular uniform dated from 1748, when the "blue jacket," which has now become a synonym for a sailor, became customary for all the naval forces. George II. is credited with having selected the colour, which was nothing more than the outcome of a passing whim.

It is said that he once met the Duchess of Bedford riding on horseback, and attired in a charming habit of blue faced with white. This so pleased His Majesty that he immediately commanded the adoption of these colours by his Navy. It is not supposed that the order was meant to be an official one, as it was never gazetted. It has, however, remained in force ever since, and it is doubtful whether, for sailor's use, blue serge could be improved upon.

"I wish," said the girl thoughtfully, "that they wouldn't use that expression, 'launched upon the sea of matrimony.'"

"And why not?" asked the young man anxiously.

"Well, you know what kind of time I always have on a sea voyage."

UNDER CONSIDERATION.

A noted humorist had often petitioned the council of the town where he resides to fill up a mud-hole near his house, but without result.

One night he heard a spluttering noise and sundry loud ejaculations, and, going to his door, he found a respected member of the town council floundering about in the mud-hole.

"Good-evening, sir; I am glad to see you stirring in this matter at last," and so saying he closed the door and left the poor councillor to extricate himself as best he could.

"Get out, you ornithorhynchus!" The man departed meekly.

"Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker.

"An ornithorhynchus!"

"Why do you call him that?"

"Well, Webster defines an ornithorhynchus as a beast with a bill."

THE BANK IN PERIL.

There are no fewer than seven distinct occasions on which the Bank of England has come very near to failing, but perhaps the most critical period in its history followed the scare which was raised by the expectation of a French invasion in 1797. Parliament found it necessary to sanction the suspension of cash payments until six months after the signature of a Treaty of Peace. These were not resumed until 1823, and in the meantime notes fell to a discount, varying between ten and twenty-five per cent.

In 1825, during the great panic which brought down 770 banks, a run on the bank of England began, but, fortunately, there was just sufficient gold in hand to meet it.

Since 1844, when the Bank Act was passed with the intention of making the recurrence of these financial difficulties an impossibility, the Bank has been hard pressed three times—in 1847, during the panic which followed the railway mania; in 1857, during another panic which was brought about by failures on the other side of the Atlantic; and, lastly, in 1866. On each of these occasions the Bank was only saved by suspension of the Bank Act.

ANCIENT TRADE SECRETS.

The oldest secret trade process is probably either the method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver (which seems to have been first practised at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils), or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermilion.

This is a secret which the Chinese have kept for an unknown period. All true vermilion still comes from China, and the chemistry of the West has sought in vain to produce a pigment that possesses the same brilliancy and durability as this.

Of course, there are imitations both of Damascus work and Chinese vermilion, but the authentic processes in both manufactures are still secret.

"I noticed after you left the house this morning you went back again. Don't you know that's unlucky?"

"Well, it would have been a good deal more unlucky for me if I hadn't gone back. My wife called me."

WERE NOT WEARING CORONETS.

A newly-made peer was extremely proud of his peerage, and had his coronet stamped on nearly everything belonging to him.

Walking across a field on his estate one day he came upon a man who had obviously been poaching.

"Halloa! my man," he exclaimed, "have you been helping yourself to my rabbits?"

"I don't think so, my lord," replied the man; "I don't think they could be your rabbits; at least, they had no coronets on them."

She: "Did papa say anything to you about your being too young?"

He: "Yes; but he said when I once began to pay your bills I would age rapidly enough."

BRUNETTES HAVE THICK SKIN.

The human skin not only varies in thickness in different individuals, but also in different parts of the same person, being in some places only 1-240th of an inch in thickness, whilst in others it is 1-25th of an inch.

The skin of women and children is thinner than that of men. A thick skin is always developed over parts where there is frequent pressure, as on the hands and feet. Thickness of the skin varies with the colour of the hair and eyes.

Usually, black hair and dark brown eyes are associated with a thick skin; a moderately thick skin is found with brown hair and blue or grey eyes; the finest skin belongs to blondes, and is a usual accompaniment of auburn or flaxen hair.

Uncle John: "Why, my girl, you've grown like a cucumber vine! How near are you to the matrimonial post?"

Clara: "Well, uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."

A DESERT RAILWAY.

Undoubtedly the distinction of being the most dreary railway journey in the world must be accorded to that portion of the Southern Pacific Railway which runs through Arizona and the lower part of Southern California. For a distance of nearly a thousand miles the country on either side of the track is practically a desert—flat, dreary, and totally uninteresting. Here and there patches of thorny "mesquite" brush alternate with vast stretches of grey and red sand and expanses of snow-white alkali. Other vegetation there is none.

That portion of the line extending between Yuma and Carlton, a distance of 180 miles, runs through a wilderness of shifting sand, devoid of either animal or vegetable life, and absolutely uninhabitable. For ten months in the year the temperature seldom falls below 100 degrees, and often rises to 130 in the shade.

The greater portion of the desert is between 500 and 800 feet below the level of the sea, and is, as might be expected, entirely destitute of fresh water.

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ALL OVER THE EARTH.

No animal is met with over so wide an area of the earth's surface as man. The creature which most nearly approaches him in this respect is the dog, which, in one form or another, is to be found everywhere except in the West Indies, Madagascar, and the Oceanic Islands. Even to these places dogs have been introduced by men who came from countries where they abounded.

In making the above statement, the word "dog" is taken to be equivalent to the more scientific term of *Canidæ*, which genus includes not merely the domestic dogs of various races, but wolves, foxes, jackals, and wild dogs, which all belong to the same great family. There is, indeed, no doubt that our canine pets are descended from the same common ancestors as the wild creatures just mentioned.

Rats and mice are found almost everywhere on the earth's surface except in the central portions of the African and Australian continents, and in the cold regions of the extreme North and South. Bats, too, are very widely distributed.

"Every housekeeper must realise," said Mrs. Prim, "that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

"Unless," replied Mrs. Popley, "she happens to have several growing boys around the house; then she realises it's next to impossible."

HOW TO AVOID "CHAPS."

Everybody knows that, generally speaking, the effect of cold is to contract, and that of heat to expand. This general law of Nature finds no exception in our bodies, and when any portion of the body gets cold the blood-vessels which traverse it contract, with the result that the flow of blood is diminished.

Subsequent exposure to heat causes the blood-vessels to resume their former size, and, if anything, to slightly exceed it, owing to the reaction on the effects of the previous cold. The result of these different operations is very naturally to crack the surface of the skin, and form the unpleasant little wounds which we call "chaps."

This annoyance may be prevented by exercising care not to expose the hands to the extremes of cold and heat. If the hands do get thoroughly chilled, care should be taken to see that they are warmed again as gradually as possible. Anything like putting them to a hot fire, and thus inducing a rapid change in their condition, cannot fail to induce "chaps."

Bobby: "Is every word in this dictionary, pa?"

Peckley: "Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language."

Bobby: "What's the latest word, pa?"

Peckley: "Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word."

NO OTHER WAY.

At a great political meeting in the north of England the chief speaker was persistently interrupted by a man midway in the packed audience, who yelled every two or three minutes, "What did Gladstone do in '72?"

At length the exasperated crowd, like one man, roared, "Throw him out!" and out the interrupter went with astonishing celerity.

A friend of the ejected who happened to be at the back of the hall followed him out. "You're a nice man to kick up that row!" he said. "What did Gladstone do in '72?"

"Blessed if I know or care," replied the other ruefully, rubbing his head. "But I'd forgotten I had my wife's medicine to fetch at eight o'clock, and I could see no other way of getting out!"

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard: "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a cyclone; but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver," and opened the school as usual.

THE FIRST IRON SHIP.

An iron boat was built in 1777, on the river Fosse, in Yorkshire. It was fifteen feet long, and was made of sheet-iron. In 1815 Thomas Jevons launched a small iron boat on the Mersey. It was built by Joshua Horton, near Birmingham, and fitted up at Liverpool, and was the first iron boat that floated on salt water.

The first iron steam vessel was built by the Horsley Company for the River Seine, and called *Aaron Manby*, after its projector. He took out a patent in France for iron steamships in 1820, and formed a society for the construction of such vessels. She was put together in London, and took a cargo of linseed and iron castings to Havre and Paris.

If, however, a Dutch tradition is to be credited, the first iron vessel that ever floated was the famous *Flying Dutchman* herself. She was launched in 1657, and her fate was supposed to be a judgment on the impiety of those who violated the order of Nature by making iron float.

Price one shilling—"A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing"—a volume of 486 pages, containing a selection of replies that have appeared on this page. Post free on receipt of fourteen stamps.

Fighting Frost with Calico.

Trees Covered with Cloth and Warmed by Steam.

PEOPLE who live in these Islands rather look forward than otherwise to the first clear, bright, frosty days of winter. Certainly they cannot in the least appreciate the absolute dread which falls upon the orange or pine-apple grower in Florida or California when he sees the dreaded "cold snap" signal flying from the nearest church tower or town hall.

If the cold snap be a really severe one, such as fell upon the State of Florida in the end of December, 1895, absolute ruin may be the result. On that occasion the temperature was 75 degrees at six o'clock one evening, and thirty hours later had fallen to 16 degrees—that is, there were 16 degrees of frost. With this terrible cold came such a gale from the north-west that all precautions were useless. Oranges were frozen into yellow balls of ice, the trees turned brown as if by fire, the bark cracked from root to summit, and damage done to the extent of two millions sterling.

Such visitations as this are rare indeed. The ordinary winter frosts of such latitudes do not exceed four or five degrees, and from such a comparatively slight degree of cold it is perfectly possible for the farmer to thoroughly protect his crops. His usual method is to make an artificial fog. When there is no wind, this is a most efficient protection. Under a heavy coating of fog or mist even such delicate things as cucumbers will survive a frost. There are several ways of making artificial fog.

The most simple is to light large fires of wood, and when night comes to smother these with masses of damp leaves or grass. This causes a heavy, clinging, white smoke. Another idea which is used in Italy and the South of France, as well as in America, is to hang wire baskets of lighted charcoal to the lower branches of the trees and cover these with wet straw.

In California a fog generator is used. A kind of four-wheeled vehicle carries a sheet-iron tank, the upper part of which is full of straw, kept wet by an automatic spray of water. Underneath is a grate, upon which tar is burnt, a great heat being caused by a blast from an automatic fan. The denseness of the fumes so caused must be seen to be believed.

A twenty-year-old orange or lemon tree in good condition will bring to its owner an annual income of £3 to £5. It is therefore worth spending money to protect such a property from injury. In Florida the owners of such trees now use canvas tents for their protection. These awnings are in some cases 25 to 30 feet high, and 15 square, and their cost is £3 apiece for canvas alone. The framework is generally made by the purchaser from the timber which grows at hand. As seventy orange trees grow on an acre of grove, the cost of so protecting them figures out at at least £250 an acre, including carriage and labour.

Even in England the question of protection from frost is yearly becoming more important. The chrysanthemum has become the favourite autumn flower, and in many districts, the Fens especially, there are acres upon acres of chrysanthemums and dahlias grown in the open. As it would be impossible, from an economical point of view, to build glass-houses to cover such quantities of flowers, and as the great object of the growers is the late crop, which brings, of course, the best price, many plans have been tried to save the plants from early frost.

Experience has shown that the best frost protector is calico. Lights are made just like those used for cold frames but less heavily constructed, and instead of glass a kind of coarse calico, specially manufactured for the purpose, is nailed across the wooden framework.

These lights are easy to carry, and form a capital protection from wind and frost. Of course, calico will not avail against a really heavy drop of temperature such as we experienced in the middle of October last, but it is wonderful how completely it protects against the ordinary white frost of early autumn.

Up in Cambridgeshire you will see two or three acres in one patch all covered in with calico towards the end of September, and by this simple means the growers usually keep their blooms in exquisite condition right into November.

Another peculiar method of frost fighting is employed in California wherever irrigation is in practice. A dam of earth is made around the grove, and on the approach of frost the whole place is flooded some inches deep. The water slowly gives out its latent heat, and so keeps up the air temperature.

For pine-apples and early vegetables the whole area is usually set with posts, which hold in place a light roofing of laths. When cold is at hand the grower piles branches upon the lath roof, and so prevents too rapid radiation of heat.

The most expensive of all plans for frost-fighting, but perhaps the most efficient, is that of employing steam heat. Between every row of trees open wooden troughs are set on trestles. These are supplied with a constant flow of warm water from a large boiler, and by this method the atmosphere over a considerable area can be raised from two to four degrees.

Why Men Prefer Little Women.

By One who Longs for Love.

IT is a fact that the great majority of men prefer little women; and, after all, it is hardly to be wondered at, for little women possess many attributes, most of them charming, which are quite foreign to their tall sisters. The ordinary man thoroughly enjoys a good flirtation, but he enjoys it all the more if the maid be quite *petite;* in fact, when one considers the matter, can a very tall young lady be expected to enter into a flirtation? Would it not seem altogether beneath her? Surely it would, for the tall lady must be dignified at all costs.

And that, perhaps, explains in a measure why men do not exactly take to the tall girl; she is too cold, too severe, too reserved, as a rule, to appeal to men. Now, a little woman has winning little ways with her; she is playful and kittenish, and can enter into any fun that is going.

But just try to imagine a very tall girl acting in a kittenish manner; why, the very idea is absurd, and as to her ever trying to be funny—well, just put it to yourself, have you ever known a tall girl who was funny?

Again, the general set of the figure may have a lot to do with it; the maid of modest height is, as a rule, fairly plump and round, and, somehow or other, that style of build in a woman seems to appeal to man. The very tall girl is, more often than not, inclined to angularity, and that build of woman certainly does not appeal to man.

A young fellow can lark with a maid of few inches; she is amenable to flattery, and does not kick at a bit of chaff. But a man dare not lark with a very tall girl, nor will he attempt to flatter her; and as for chaffing her—why, no ordinary man has the courage necessary to attempt that feat.

Then a tall woman is a trifle awkward; she cannot capture male hearts by darting about here and there like a ray of sunshine, a thing which her smaller sister can do with ease. The tall girl, in fact, feels her height; she is aware that her many inches demand a somewhat rigorous form of etiquette; indeed, she very well knows that even if she were inclined to do as her smaller sister does, she must not, or she will certainly look foolish.

The simple truth is that the very tall girl is sadly handicapped; by nature she may be a light-hearted, frivolous girl, but with her height that would never do; accordingly, she proceeds to act in an unnatural manner, and, of course, succeeds very well in making herself look ridiculous.

At the same time, the tall girl has her admirers—very little men, who generally have cheek enough for anything. The ordinary, even the tall, man is afraid of the tall woman, but the very little man is not; he is usually willing to make up with, and, if circumstances are favourable, fall in love with, a tall woman, but she, quite understanding matters, is often obliged to repel his advances; she realises that she would simply become a laughing-stock if she encouraged him, and that, for a woman of many inches, is almost intolerable.

Candidly, have we not all enjoyed a chuckle at the sight of a five foot man walking out a six foot lady? We have; and tall women know very well that if they walk out, say as sweethearts, with very little men, they provide gratis amusement for an unsympathetic public.

Looking at matters from a more serious point of view, the fact must be acknowledged that the very tall woman is not in much demand as a wife. If a man thinks of marrying, he likes to picture his wife-to-be as a "little woman," never a huge one; and, of course, if it comes to utility, there can be no doubt that the little woman, as a wife, can be of far greater use to a man than a very tall one; the little woman is, as a rule, a much more shrewd and sharp individual than her tall sister.

Even if a man selects a very tall girl as a sweetheart, why, she does not make a very good one; somehow, you cannot altogether separate kissing from sweethearting.

Now, it is one thing to gather up a plump, yielding little woman into your arms and imprint—well, let us be reasonable and say a score of kisses on her upturned lips, and quite another matter to seize hold of a two-yard piece of femininity and turn up *your own* lips towards a maiden's face half a foot above you. Men don't like that sort of thing, it seems to be unnatural, to say the least of it, and, besides, under the circumstances, a man feels a bit foolish.

Yet, one cannot help feeling sorry for the very tall girl; after all, it is no fault of hers that she is so tall; she really should not be blamed, but she very often is blamed for her many inches. A great injustice maybe—a hardship probably—but in any case the fact remains that man has always preferred the little woman, and will likely continue to do so.

Four-footed Poachers.

And Birds that Prey on Game.

The fox is usually considered the greatest plunderer of, and enemy to, game; but he is not always that. The habits of the fox are nocturnal and usually solitary. Its food, as a rule, consists of mice, rats, and even insects and worms, and the familiar depredations on game and poultry yards are usually committed in the springtime, when food is required for the numerous cubs.

But although the spring is chiefly its season of attack on game, it is very fond of birds of all kinds; and, indeed, on occasions the fox will not be content with ordinary game, but will attack fawns and lambs. Gamekeepers have, therefore, no liking for foxes, and at times organise night hunts after them.

It is said that only the most intelligent ones in each generation will live long enough to breed, hence it is to this fact that the extraordinary cunning of the fox may be ascribed. So cunning are foxes, that to trap them is well-nigh impossible, as a trap can seldom be so set and concealed as to cause the foxes to be unaware of its presence.

A fox has been known to remain in its hole for days, and even weeks, and suffer great hunger rather than come out when a trap had been laid for him.

Two stories, illustrative of the fox's cunning, may not be out of place here. A most trustworthy person once saw a fox approaching a group of hares which were feeding in a field. Assuming a limp, it approached them with its head down, feigning to be eating clover. As soon as it got near enough it rushed at the hares and ran off with one of the best of them.

On another occasion a fox was seen swimming towards some wild ducks with a piece of turf in its mouth. It thus looked as though a piece of turf were floating down stream. It may be seen how hard a task it is to catch such a keen and cunning hunter as the fox.

Perhaps one of the greatest animal poachers, and one of the least in size, is the common weasel. Standing two and a half inches in height, and being only seven and a half inches long from its nose to the tip of its tail, it is nevertheless a most persevering hunter. Its scent is as keen as its sight; it quarters the ground like a dog, and wearies out animals much larger and apparently much stronger than itself.

Very nimble and bold, it is yet very wary, and is difficult to catch. It can climb walls and trees with great agility, and does not hesitate to plunge into the water in pursuit of the vole, or, as it is more commonly called, the water-rat.

The writer of this article once saw an interesting sight on a moor in Scotland. Seeing a hare running round and round in a small area, he crawled closer and closer until he saw the cause of it. A weasel was chasing the hare, and, after a chase which lasted a considerable time, the poor hare lay down through sheer exhaustion, and its bloodthirsty pursuer immediately pounced upon it.

The stoat, or, as it is called in its winter dress, the ermine, is a species of weasel. It is considerably larger than the common weasel, being ten inches long exclusive of the tail, which is fully four and a half inches in length. It is a most ferocious and bloodthirsty animal.

Like the weasel, it displays indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of its prey, and does great harm amongst young hares and rabbits, grouse and partridges.

Amongst birds the chief poachers and enemies of game in Britain are hawks and crows. Hawks are keen hunters, and very destructive to game and poultry. The goshawk is a most persevering bird, and can thread its way through a thick wood in pursuit of game.

It has been known, on occasions when the rabbit it was chasing got into its hole, to sit on a neighbouring tree and wait sometimes for hours for the reappearance of its prey, to be rewarded for its patience in the long run, however.

Hawks do not attack their prey with their bills, as is generally supposed, but swoop down on their victims and attack them with their claws.

The species of crows which are birds of prey are the carrion crow and the hooded crow. In most parts of Scotland the carrion crow is, without any show of reason, called the hoody crow.

Both these species resemble the raven more than the rook. They seldom or never associate in flocks, and not only prefer carrion to insects, worms, and vegetable food, but watch and attack weak animals, and even young lambs. On this account a premium is often offered for their destruction, and gamekeepers relentlessly pursue them on account of their robbing nests, from which they take either the eggs or the helpless young.

The raven also preys on game, and often on much larger animals. Its method of attack is invariably to render its victims blind by picking out their eyes at the moment of attack.

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

Picked Pars.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Calico Court Livery.

Probably the simplest court livery in the world is that worn in the royal palace of Korea. The Emperor's servants are all dressed in garments and head gear of red calico.

Waistcoat-pocket Waistcoat.

An Englishman in Paris named Crabbe has invented a paper waistcoat, which is designed as a protection against chills. The garment weighs only an ounce and a half, and can be folded so as to go into an ordinary envelope.

Eating from Electric Plates.

A New York restaurant uses an electrically heated plate to keep one's food warm. So long as the current is turned on you can dine in as leisurely a way as you like, and there is no danger of receiving a shock from the plate.

Snakeskin Clothes.

Serpent skin is now being used for clothing. The skin chosen is that of the anaconda snake, and by special treatment, it is stated, the scales become firmly attached to the skin and make it not only pliable, but watertight and exceedingly warm.

The Highest Garden.

The highest garden in the world, 6,000 feet above sea level, is near the summit of Little St. Bernard, and is owned by Queen Marguerita of Italy. The garden, which is said to be the richest and most perfect of its kind in the world, is devoted to the cultivation of Alpine plants and lichens.

Tough Spiders' Webs.

In the forests of Java there are spiders whose webs are so tough that a knife is required to cut them.

Long-Lived Bird.

A parrot which has just died at Cardigan has been in the possession of the same family for nearly eighty years.

Fair Pearl Diver.

Miss Jessie Ackerman, a missionary, recently put on a diver's suit in Ceylon and brought up from the pears, or pearl oyster beds, seven valuable pearls.

Busy Clergyman.

Besides conducting all the services, the rector of Stopham (Sussex) rings the church bell, plays the organ, leads the singing, teaches in Sunday-school, and sometimes officiates as sidesman.

How the Japs Smoke.

The Japanese smoke in a very peculiar manner. The pipes have very small metal bowls with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time.

"Home" Sick.

A man who was confined in an Illinois asylum as incurably insane, contrived to make his escape four months' ago, and after making a tour of England and some Continental countries, he has returned to the asylum, and demanded admittance to his old room.

Takes Time to Say It.

London is to be supplied with Hungarian pork by a company calling itself Lebensmittelexportexpressaugesellschaft.

The Smallest Coin.

The natives of the Malay peninsula have in use the very smallest current coin in the world. It is a sort of wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and is worth about one ten-thousandth of a penny.

Useless Staircases.

In the huge skyscraping apartment houses in New York the staircase is becoming of less importance every day. These buildings often contain three or four lifts, and new tenants are sometimes months in a house before even knowing the whereabouts of the staircase.

Letters and Post-cards.

The world's yearly use of postcards is enormous. Germany uses 1,161,000,000; United States, 770,500,000; Great Britain, 613,000,000. As to letters, however, the United States is far ahead of all other countries. The total number of letters posted there during 1903 was 4,109,000,000.

A Long Tow.

The largest naval floating dock in the world is now nearing completion in the United States. It will accommodate vessels of 16,000 tons, and will weigh 10,600 tons. The dock, which is intended for the Philippines, will be towed from Baltimore to its destination, and it is expected that the time occupied will be five months.

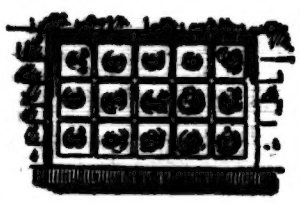
Picture Pars.

A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph used here. See footline.

SIGNAL TO SOLDIERS.

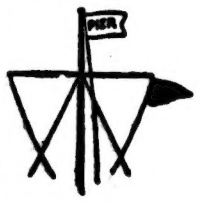
To readers who reside near military headquarters and camps the accompanying picture is probably familiar, though perhaps they have no idea of its meaning. It is a signal to the soldiers who are domiciled there. A large ball and an ordinary post is all that it comprises. Should the ball be hoisted to the top of the post as shown, the soldiers know that whilst it is up there will be no parade. It is generally adverse climatic conditions that stop the parade, but as our Tommies are not to be daunted by a drizzle, the ball is not very often hoisted.

USED FOR CHEAPNESS.



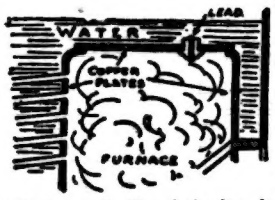
In many a country village one can see, especially in cottage outhouses and farrier's sheds, peculiar windows, a specimen of which is shown in the illustration. Owing to their prettiness it is often thought that they are put there to give an artistic touch to the building. Such is not the case, however. They are composed of rough bits of glass formed by one sheet of glass coming in contact with another whilst under preparation. These cannot be used for ordinary windows, and are to be bought very cheaply. As they generally have a portion of better glass attached they are used on economical principles, for anything which admits the light serves the shed's purpose quite as well as the most expensive kind of glass.

A SEASIDE SIGNAL.



Intending passengers by steamboat at some seaside resorts may have noticed a small flag flying at the crosstree of the pier flagstaff. This is hoisted by the authorities, and by looking at it the captain of an incoming steamboat can tell on which side of the pier to moor, for it is flown on one side or the other, according to the state of the wind and tide. This signal serves a double purpose, as it indicates to passengers which side to wait for the arrival of the boat, and delay is thus avoided.

SAVES THE BOILERS.

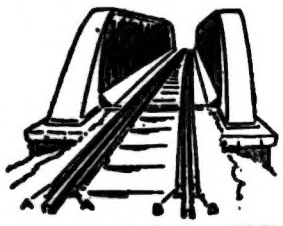


The simple device shown in the illustration may be found on many boilers, both stationary, locomotive, and marine, to prevent them from being ruined by the carelessness of their attendants. Should the water in a boiler get below the level of the plate over the boiler's furnace, the plates would, of course, become red hot and the fire-box be ruined. So a plug is fitted into the top plate and its interior is filled with lead. If the water gets below this plate the lead melts, allowing a powerful jet of steam, which the boiling water has formed, to spurt through the plug. This plays upon the fire and quenches it, so saving the plates from injury. The boiler cannot be restarted until another plug is screwed in.

MARKING THE TREES.

At this time of year there may often be seen a man walking through the woods or a thickly wooded country estate examining all the young trees. Some he marks with a red band, which is placed about five feet from the ground, as the picture shows. He is finding the most promising young saplings, those which he thinks are likely to grow into good timber, and marking them so that the woodcutters when searching for timber shall neither uproot them nor cut them down.

LEST THE ENGINE JUMP.



Owing to the large expenditure of money which the building of a bridge entails, it is essential that all the latest inventions and ideas should be adopted during construction and when the bridge is completed. This is particularly so with railway bridges. The illustration shows an idea which is in use at several bridges, including the Menai Tubular Bridge. On each side of the usual railway lines another line has been placed, A.A. and B.B. so that if an engine jumps the ordinary metals the wheels would fall on the duplicates and be guided safely on its journey, instead of dashing against the side of the bridge and sending the train to destruction.

The Earliest Thing I Remember.

Interesting Recollections of Famous People.

WALTER PASSMORE.

From the very first I was devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental. When I was not singing for my own edification, or that of my parents, I would be at the piano, my favourite piece being "The Blue Bells of Scotland," surely a very "intelligent anticipation" of my Scottish wife. I also remember that, for some reason or other, I would never play any but the black notes. The violin, too, was a favourite instrument of mine, and I had taught myself to play it—possibly not quite so well as Sarasate or Kubelik—by the time I put on my first pair of knickerbockers.

COURTICE POUNDS.

I cannot remember anything in my infancy of the slightest interest, even to myself, and come at once to my *début* as a singer, which was made as a choirboy. Thanks to an indiscreet curiosity on my part, my career as a chorister received a rude check. I had read, or heard, of the adhesive qualities of cobbler's wax, and, being of an inquiring turn of mind, I determined to test them. The principal subject of my experiment was the organist, Mr. Albert Lowe, who subsequently became a good friend to me. The experiment was entirely successful. But Mr. Lowe's dissatisfaction was a serious matter. In the first place, he carefully scraped up—or, should I say, off!—the evidence of my youthful crime, brought them to my father, and I was pulled out of bed to receive a severe paternal thrashing. In the second place, I was expelled from the choir.

PAUL MARTINETTI.

I made my *début* at the mature age of six years, at the Tacon Theatre, Havana. At the age of ten I was considered of sufficient importance as to have pieces specially written for me. I took kindly to the business, studying hard at one particular line, and in a few years I was regarded as the one particularly bright "star" of the combination.

G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

My first distinct recollection of anything in particular was being taken in a fly, with my brothers and sisters, to see the illuminations in honour of the marriage of Queen Victoria. Most of these illuminations were effected by little glass coloured lamps with wicks and oil, but here and there were more brilliant gas stars, which my father pointed out to me as quite a novelty. My father, C. R. Leslie, R.A., was at that time engaged on his picture of "Queen Victoria Taking the Sacrament on the Ceremony of her Coronation," and I have pretty distinct recollections of some of the distinguished people coming to our house to sit for this picture. The great Duke of Wellington was one of these. Our little maid, Susan, who opened the door, nearly fainted with terror when the Duke announced himself in loud tones. I recollect being brought into the studio before the Archbishop of Canterbury to beg pardon for having played with and disarranged his wig, a powdered, grey one, in a bandbox, and not only receiving absolution from his Grace, but his blessing as well.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

I went first to a preparatory school on Haverstock Hill, kept by three elderly maiden ladies. I was seven years old then. My father inquired of one of the old ladies how I was progressing, and she replied: "He gets on very well with his music" (I used to play the piano at five years of age), "but I am sure he will one day be a clown!" Wasn't that strange? The foresight of the lady entitles me to call her the Mother Shipton of Haverstock Hill, with the difference that, in her case, her prediction came true.

WILL CROOKS, M.P.

I first remember a little back room in Sherbut Street, Poplar. Seven of us, including father and mother, lived in it. My father was then a marine stoker. He had been a stoker on a mail boat, but had lost an arm by an accident, in compensation for which my mother received 10s. 6d. and a red flannel petticoat. As a one-armed man my father was no great wage-earner, and my mother found bread and treacle for us by making oilskin coats. Trouble came into my small life early. Mother had been receiving out-door relief—five shillings and five loaves a week. For some reason the relief was stopped, and we five children were ordered to Poplar Workhouse, whence we were sent to Sutton Schools, where I went through more agony than I have ever since endured in all my troubled life. My brothers and sisters were taken away to another part of the school, and I was left there alone—so very much alone.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Memory as a Money-Maker.

The Secrets of Cultivating a Good Memory.

By DATAS, "The Memory Man."

[DATAS, the "Memory Man," explains in this article the secrets of memory cultivation. Datas has twice been congratulated by His Majesty King Edward VII. on his "unique memory." During his travels in America, two American physicians offered the "Memory Man." £2,000 for his head after death, with the right of removing his brains for examination. Datas has accepted the offer. His head, therefore, now only belongs to him during his lifetime.]

A GOOD memory is worth a ton of notes and carefully-kept notebooks.

You can never lose a good memory; but you can easily mislay or lose notebooks, with the result that hours of careful thought and hard work are rendered useless.

And yet although the time-honoured truism that memory means money is as old as the hills, nevertheless only a very few people seem to realise that a good memory can be acquired by anyone who is sufficiently enterprising to take the trouble to cultivate this most valuable faculty.

MEMORY LIKE A GARDEN.

Memory requires as careful cultivation as a garden; neglect it and it runs to seed and is useless. Tend it carefully, and give it a fair opportunity to evolve, and it will prove a gift of inestimable value. If I had the whole of my life to live over again, I should infinitely prefer to start with a legacy of a good memory rather than of a large banking account. Properly applied, the former will surely bring the latter, and on an ever-increasing scale—at least, that is my experience.

I will tell you how and why I cultivated my memory. When a mere youngster I was struck by the abnormal number of people I encountered in my daily work whose minds seemed to be more or less of a blank. They seemed to have to rely on other people for the most trivial information. True, they got through their daily work in about as satisfactory a manner as do the general run of unambitious people, but by their frequent questions on such important matters as, "What time does my train leave?" and a thousand and one other more or less personal details, I was greatly impressed by their lack of enterprise and self-reliance.

Accordingly, I set to work to try and prove myself an exception to this large "memoryless public." I will explain the result of my endeavours, and those who follow my humble advice will, I am confident, find that in a short time they will scarcely recognise that their new memory is the same they had a few weeks ago. It will have grown out of all recognition.

BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL.

In the first place, the question as to what is the best time to study must be considered. I unhesitatingly say the "small hours" of the morning, from between 12 a.m. and 1 a.m. until, say, 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. But, above all, never try to commit a second lesson to memory until you have thoroughly mastered the first. An attempt to grasp more than one lesson at once is a suicidal policy, which never fails to result in chaos of the brain and utter mental confusion.

Then, again, the question of place is most important. The quieter the spot the better; indeed, there is no more suitable locality than an out-of-the-way country road where solitude reigns supreme. Therefore, all who can spare the time can "kill two birds with one stone" by enjoying healthy exercise, and at the same time laying the foundation of a good memory, and, consequently, an increase in their income. For there is a never-ceasing demand for the man with a reliable memory.

What to study is a much-discussed question. Personally, I am a firm believer in dates, as figures help names, and, incidentally, names help figures. Thus, since I started studying the art of cultivating the memory, I have turned my attention to dates; and there you have the reason for my cognomen of "Datas."

SUITABLE DIET FOR A CLEAR BRAIN.

One fact must never be lost sight of by the would-be memory improver—a suitable diet is the basis of a clear brain and accurate memory. Alcoholic indulgence to excess is fatal, but moderation is beneficial, or, at any rate, in no way injurious. And as to smoking—well, cigarettes are to be strongly condemned in that they undeniably stultify and deaden the brain, but pipe-smoking in moderation will do no harm.

To lay down too strict rules as to diet is a mistake, but, fortunately, there is a happy medium which does not call for excessive self-sacrifice. Fish is the ideal "memory diet"; not always fish, but often fish. Every morning of my life I make a good breakfast off either soles or haddock, the latter for preference. And, again, at dinner in the evening, my most substantial course invariably consists of fish. I know well that after a time this "finny" menu is apt to pall, but a careful study of what to eat and what to avoid has given me a nose of which the most renowned "pointer" might well be proud.

Nothing really worth doing has ever been done without trouble and self-sacrifice, and although, I frankly confess, there are moments, and many moments, when I regard my breakfast with distasteful eye, yearning in secret for eggs and bacon or something more "palateous," if I may be allowed to coin a word, yet I invariably remain steadfast to my vow to only partake of those dishes which I have proved are beneficial to the memory. A good memory has made me a comparatively rich man, and if you conscientiously follow my advice you can "do likewise."

Never study when tired—either physically or mentally; while at first never more than two to two hours and a half at the same time should be devoted to memorising.

The best bodily health will give you the best mental balance, and, when the brain is clear and active, then is the memory more easily expanded.

When worried let the brain rest. Worry is as bad, if not worse, than sickness, and a glutton or a drunkard has as much chance of acquiring a good memory as he has of winning the long-distance running championship.

And let me impress upon every "memory student" to exercise those two invaluable qualities of determination and concentration.

The key-word to success, from a memory standpoint, is inscribed "determination and concentration."

MEMORY MEANS MONEY.

Experience has proved to me the truth of the old saying, "Memory means money"; to me, twenty years ago, a five-pound note would have seemed a small fortune; but now, in a short time, I am starting for a tour round the world at a salary of £200 per week. To-day my memory, through the course of study I have recommended to you, has become so versatile that I invite every audience all over the world to ask me the date of any notable occurrence, ancient or modern, in the world's history; birth and reign of emperors, kings, and queens; celebrated trials, executions, races, battles, shipwrecks, prize-fights (local or historical); any sporting events of interest; in fact, on almost any subject in which any interest is taken.

Times without number I have been offered large sums to join business firms, but my engagements are booked for years ahead, and, although the strain of continually keeping the memory in "fighting trim" is very great, it is no more wearisome than the task of every business man who has his daily work to carry out.

And "nothing succeeds like success." A good memory is the basis of success, and it costs nothing. Follow the few hints I have given and you will, I am convinced, speedily lay down the foundation stone of increasing prosperity. In one exception only am I handicapped in comparison with the hundreds of passers-by with whom I rub shoulders every day in the streets; their heads are their own property, but mine belongs to two American physicians, to whom I have sold it on the understanding that it remains where it is as long as I live.

On my death my solicitors will dispose of it as arranged in a legal document duly signed by the contracting parties.

Datas

YOUNG SKIPJACK: "Ah—I should like to cross that field; do you think—ah—that cow would hurt me?"

Farmer: "Did you ever hear of a cow hurtin' a calf?"

BOOTS: "What time shall I call you, sir?"

Visitor: "Don't trouble. I wake regularly at eight o'clock."

Boots: "Then would you mind calling me at 8.30?"

A WOMAN'S BARGAIN.

MRS. INEXPERIENCE: "Oh, my dear, I've made such a bargain! You know you said you would have to hire a man to cut that wood. Well, a man came here to-day, and he said that he would cut all the wood if I would only give him that old overcoat of yours on the rack in the hall. Wasn't that quite a bargain, now, for your little wife to make?"

Husband: "Yes, my dear, I should think it was. That coat wasn't worth more than four shillings at the outside. But, my dear, I don't see that your man has cut the wood, after all."

Mrs. Inexperience: "Oh, no, he couldn't to-day, he was so busy. He said he was coming to do that next week."

HEAD OF THE FIRM: "I was just going to discharge that book-keeper when he married a rich widow."

Friend: "Well, it's all the easier now."

Head of the Firm: "Heavens! I wouldn't do it for anything now. We need her money in the business."

WORK FOR THE WORKLESS.

Some of the Schemes Which Have Been Suggested and Tried in Order to Solve the Unemployed Problem.

THE generous donation of £2,000, made by Queen Alexandra, and her appeal to the Empire on behalf of the unemployed, once more directs attention to the difficulty of finding some practical scheme for making workers of the workless. As every winter brings an increased number of unemployed, so it also brings a crop of suggestions for their relief, but very few schemes are of any value.

Of recent experiments, that of Mr. Joseph Fels, perhaps, has had the most success. This philanthropic gentleman believes that a solution to the problem can be found in going back to Britain's deserted land. He has offered to share with nineteen others in a guarantee to settle 5,000 families in Great Britain on condition that the Government assist to the extent of a subsidy of £300,000.

Mr. Fels has been led to make this offer because of the success that has attended the labour colony schemes with which he has been connected.

At Dunton, near Laindon, Essex, where the Poplar Board of Guardians have a colony on the land provided free of rent and interest by Mr. Fels, one successful farm has been at work for many months.

At Hollesley Bay, on the Suffolk coast, there is another successful colony.

Here 1,300 acres have been lent rent free for three years to the Central Committee of the London Unemployed Fund, and here the workless are taught the various branches of farm work, receiving sixpence a week each, while money, averaging about fourteen shillings weekly, is sent to their wives and families.

Three other farms belonging to Mr. Fels are being taken over by public authorities for the establishment of similar colonies. The planting of our waste lands with trees is further suggested by this earnest gentleman as a means of both finding employment and adding to the national resources.

Schemes for temporary relief of the unemployed are innumerable. Almost every borough and county council finds work for some of its workless by the making of roads, and similar other public street improvements, even if such improvements are not really necessary.

Some of the London boroughs have spent sums up to £30,000 annually in this way for many years. Camberwell, for instance, spent £26,000 last year in relief works for the unemployed.

The Salvation Army and the Church Army, in their wood-chopping and labour yards in various poor districts, do something, if only a little, to relieve the distress.

For a stipulated amount of work the men are usually paid at the rate of three shillings per day—the maximum amount; but so great is the demand for employment that it rarely happens that a man can obtain more than three consecutive days' work, nor can he obtain a second spell until the whole of those on the list have had their turn in the yards.

Emigration to our colonies is another scheme that is occasionally put forward, but against that suggestion are always the facts that the unemployed are invariably town-bred men, and entirely ignorant of and unsuitable for agricultural work, while they have no money to pay the cost of their transport to the colonies.

The fact is also invariably overlooked that our colonies themselves usually have a considerable number of unemployed for whom they cannot find work.

In parts of Australia it is no uncommon thing for the authorities to give instructions for the demolition of various Government buildings and, upon that being done, further instructions for their re-erection, solely to make work for the workless.

This, as a rule, is resorted to when the drain upon the Government relief *depôts* becomes serious

Queensland recently made a successful experiment of sending out gangs of unemployed, each in charge of an overseer, to certain localities which were covered with heavy timber, bushes, or scrub.

These areas were then cleared so that they might be made available for agricultural settlement, and were then offered to settlers as freehold on very moderate terms. In this way numerous areas of land previously regarded as not "accessible," were made available for profitable occupation.

Yet another plan suggested is to do away for ever with London fogs by employing thousands of the workless in draining the Essex marshes. It is claimed for this scheme that wasted soil would then be available for building or agricultural purposes, and that the three millions sterling or so required to carry out the draining would be more than made up by the sums received for sites and allotments.

DE GARRY: "Why is it that when a fellow is alone with a girl he loves they seldom play cards?"

Merritt: "Because if they did she would have to hold her own hand."

PARKER: "Can your daughters make puddings and cakes?"

Barker: "Oh, yes, they can make them; but they can't make the family eat them."

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

My Notebook.

The Woman in a Crowd.

DID you ever watch a woman in a crowd—the kind of woman that crowds in a crowd? The theatrical manager suppressed her to some extent when he invented the queue. Everywhere else she is a terror. The more well-behaved and respectable a crowd is the more aggressive are some women. If the King is coming past and I am standing right in the front row, where he can see me cheer and wave my hat, I know I am going to be crowded out if there is a woman behind me. If she can't get her angular elbow in my ribs and edge me back sideways, she is going to push me clean through the policemen and the soldiers out into the centre of the roadway, and a mounted constable is going to take me prisoner to the nearest opening, when I will be hustled down a side street, hot and mad and torn.

If I am waiting for the church doors to open to hear some popular preacher, I am going to get elbowed out of position just the same, and I am not going inside with that deep feeling of charity within me or that Christian forbearance that is usually my dominant attribute. I can only console myself with the reflection that the women who hurt me bodily and pained me mentally will hear better than I shall the golden precepts from the pulpit that they may need more than I do.

If a man has any spark of gentility in him at all he can't push a woman about in a crowd, and he won't edge her out of position. He gives her a little courtesy and some concessions, and that's his finish. She edges in before him without as much as a "thank-you." It is just as well, then, to give in graciously. Say a word to a hot-tempered and aggressive woman under such conditions, and you may get forcibly ejected by the whole crowd.

The Mistakes Men Make.

IN reply to PERCY. You are looking for trouble, PERCY. If you think you can reform all the madnesses and all the sweet and delightful prerogatives and unreasonablenesses of womankind when you have only been three months married to one of them, you have taken on a task beyond your powers and resources. Go slow. You will be happier that way.

It isn't the girl who is wrong. It's you. You don't understand. Men never have understood, and never will. There are certain things a woman can't do, and wouldn't if she could. She wouldn't be the real article if she did. Your wife is not always too long in dressing. You are always too quick. Besides, she wears more clothes and more finnicky fastenings than you do. Buttons are easy. Anybody can put a button into a hole

Did you ever put your waistcoat on the wrong way. Try it. Then try to button that waistcoat up and down the back. You will be a maniac in half an hour. And yet this superior wife of yours will fasten a silk blouse at the back in something less than no time, and she will find an invisible thread over which she puts a diminutive hook one after the other, and, strangely enough, they hold. She leaves you two of these to fasten for her, because she can't reach them, and you are all thumbs. You lose your temper and your appetite over those two fastenings. You say you can't make them meet.

Of course there ought to be some stringent law to prevent your wife from fiddling with her belt or her brooch whilst you are so engaged, and pulling away from you, as it were; but that is all I will admit in your favour. For the rest, anything your wife seems to do wrong is right. Try to recognise that, and be happy all your life.

Send me a Christmas Box.

THE thought of Christmas has passed the mind of most of you these last few days. Some have already decided what they will give and to whom they will give presents. Have you thought yet what you are going to send me? Will you please make a note of it now, so that I shall not be forgotten.

When you are doing your Christmas shopping this year, look out of one of the big windows and study the world of want that looks in. No kind-hearted man or woman passes these groups at this season without a tightening of the heart, and a sense almost of guilt at the comfort which he or she enjoys. Two little children will stand until the cold drives them away, staring wide-eyed at some poor little device contrived to make children happy. Their wants are so modest, their experience so slight, and their hopes so meagre that the poorest, cheapest toys fascinate them.

There is a thin-faced little girl of ten. In her face, as she looks at some blue or black eyed doll, there is the child's inborn instinct of maternity. Her half-starved soul gives its whole force to the desire to be an imitation mother to an imitation baby, if only one made of rags. Sadder than all the children there is the mother who wanders up and down. She has little children just as we have. Can you see her face if you put into her hand something for her little Janie or her Johnny? You can if you try. If you have little children, think how you would feel if you looked longingly at cheap little coats that might keep their bodies warm, and cheap little boots that might keep their feet dry, and then had to turn away with a groan because your few pence had to buy them bread. That would be horrible, wouldn't it?

If you know any people like this, don't you think you can do a little for them—just a little? If it's a bother to you I'll do it for you. Your children must have a lot of half broken toys they won't want when in a few weeks' time they will get new and whole ones. Why not tell the children to send them to me? And you have a tawdry ornament on the chimney-piece that you never liked and hope will get smashed some-day. Why not send that to me. I don't want money. I will ask you not to send money. I want any old thing you see knocking about. Send that to me as a Christmas-box. Even a few picture post-cards will do. This is the kind of Christmas-box I want. I won't keep it in remembrance of you. At least, not longer than a day or two. and don't send me anything yet. Not until a week before Christmas. I won't let you forget. I will give you another nudge and another reminder later. You will have time, too, to knit a pair of warm stockings for somebody's old mother, or a shawl, or a muffler.

Don't Teach Your Child to be a Poodle-dog.

WHEN a young man and a young woman have a first baby delivered to them by the doctor from his cabbage garden, that particular baby is the most wonderful thing in all this wonderful world. The young woman lavishes all her wealth of affection upon it. She worries over its every cry. She snuggles it into her arms and croons over it and pets it and soothes it and gets it off into perfect restful sleep again. And the young husband comes home and sees this new sweet toy and feels he ought to kiss it. Only once in a lifetime does a man kiss a sleeping baby to see it smile at him. A two, three, or four hour crying baby is enough to knock the good intentions out of any man.

Some months later, when the baby begins to get some sort of reason or intelligence into it, and for many months after that, it becomes the butt of its parents' good intentions. Please do not, you young people, treat your baby as a toy dog. Some of you do. You make the baby learn to imitate the animals—the "moo-tow," whatever that is, and so on. You force your child to think as *you* think. You give him a few puny little things to exercise his puny little brain over, and, because he has just enough sense to know you want him to do these things, and they are expected of him in company, he does them. A dog would do that for you. You can teach a dog to jump over a stick. You can teach a dog to run after a ball and lay it at your feet. That is your pride. It's fine for you. You get the applause and the appreciation. The dog does the work. Why make a poor little baby into a circus performer. The baby has a brain. For all you know it may have a bigger and a better brain than you have. The child at your own present age may become father to the father. Give it a chance. Don't teach it dogs' tricks. Don't let it arouse the applause for you. Let the training of the child be based on its own personal welfare.

Most children are born with some kind of stock-in-trade. It may be originality, or character, or personality. Let it develop one or the other under your tuition. But don't do it in the dog-trick way. Let it be in some way that counts. Help it to be original, not imitative. Give it things to play with and see what it does with them. If the child has to stand any chance in the world, it does not want to be taught to do an unnatural and monotonous daily grind.

If you cultivate pride and ambition and thought in your child, you are training it in the right way. If you force it with senseless tricks of imitation day after day for the purpose of showing it off, you might as well have a French poodle or a white mouse as an offspring.

PETER KEARY (*Mr. Notebook*).

IF you want a girl to laugh at all your witticisms pick out one who has pretty teeth and a dimple.

"You don't mean to say that that stingy old maid has given you ten shillings for telling her fortune?"

"Indeed, I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."

"IT is remarkable," said the political star, "how differently people are affected by the same thing."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I was thinking of my speech. It kept me awake four nights, and put everybody who heard it to sleep."

WHY WE SHOULD FAVOUR THE FRENCH.

We are much more Closely Related to Them than the Germans.

[*Editorial Note.*—The Editor is not responsible for the views of this contributor, and is willing to hear the other side of the question.]

IT is quite a common idea that the British are closely allied to the German people by ties of blood, and that, therefore, we should not unite with the French against them in a possible conflict. A little historical reasoning will upset this pleasant theory.

In many ways we are very much more closely united to the French than to the Germans, and an alliance with France is a highly natural development of history, and our policy of ten centuries.

The notion that Britain and Germany are closely allied is true in a way, but no more true than that the British and French are. All three nations trace their origin back to one or another of the Teutonic tribes of ancient Europe. When the Huns swept into Europe from Asia, they drove the Teutonic tribes west. Three in particular of them settled in France—namely, the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Franks, others passing into Spain, Italy, and Britain.

The tribesmen who came to Britain were the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, from the sea coasts to the south of Denmark. Later on came the Danes from Denmark itself. These tribes merged with the remnants of the ancient Britons, and formed an entirely new nationality, the result of which is the English. The Scots and Irish, of course, are distinct races, descendants of the original inhabitants, and not German at all, but Celtic.

The truth is that the English are absolutely distinct from the Germans in every way. There is no special likeness in our features, and practically none in our characters. We owe absolutely nothing to the Germans for any of our literature, religion, or art.

The Germans who came to England in the early days were barbarians and heathens, with no culture at all. When they arrived they were wild, fair-haired, blue-eyed savages, who worshipped Wodin and Thor.

Christianity was introduced into England by Roman missionaries centuries before it got to Germany. In fact, it was an Englishman, one Boniface, who first took our religion to the Fatherland, in the eighth century, together with a lot of proper notions to which, hitherto, the Germans were strangers.

The Norman Conquest forged a link between the British and the French nations such as has never existed between ourselves and the Germans. The Normans came, firstly, from Scandinavia, and were not very unlike the Saxons in type, and the Normans were the dominant race in France at the time of the Conquest.

In fact, they were the founders of what afterwards became great in France, as they founded a great deal of what has since become great in Britain. Thus, British and French civilisation have practically grown up side by side under the same guidance, whereas British and German civilisation have proceeded on entirely different lines.

The Normans came to Britain, conquered us, and laid the foundations of several things, notably our laws, our architecture, our manners, and our chivalry—the latter two being qualities absolutely unknown to the Germans to this day.

For many centuries Britain and France were, to all intents and purposes, as similar as, say, Yorkshire and Kent.

To the French invaders we owe largely our sporting propensities and our chivalry, which are to be traced to the knightly tourneys and gallantries of the French Plantagenets.

For centuries England ruled over a large portion of France, and the soil of the two countries was practically under one monarch.

If wars took place between the two countries, and raged incessantly for centuries, so also did wars take place for an equal period between the original inhabitants of our island itself—the men of Wessex against the Northumbrians, wars between the Angles and the Scots. The talk, therefore, about Britain and France being traditional enemies is ridiculous, and no nearer the truth than to say that the men of Suffolk are traditional enemies of those of Hampshire.

While, therefore, Britain and France have practically grown up together, quarrelling often, as brothers will, but enjoying mutual respect, and sharing each other's literature and arts, Britain and Germany have been, ever since the days of Hengist and Horsa, strangers.

We never had any war with Germany. In fact, Germany until quite recently has not been a Power at all, and certainly not one against which the might of Britain had to trouble itself much.

While French authors and poets are almost as well known to cultured readers as British, as, for instance, Balzac, Rabelais, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Daudet, and others, very few cultured Britons are acquainted with German literature. German poets were not to any extent translated into English until the last fifty years, when Carlyle took Goethe in hand.

If, therefore, a choice is to be made between France and Germany as our ally, there can be little or no doubt as to which is really the more closely allied to us in tradition, culture, and government.

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

ALL GAMES ARE BALL GAMES.

The Prominence of the Ball in Our Sports.

If you call to mind all the outdoor games and sports that you know, you will find very few in which the ball does not play a very prominent part.

Nearly every game that has ever been played, and in which the ball does not figure largely, has gradually died out, or is dying out, and it requires special efforts of schools or societies to so much as keep them alive.

Archery is one of the sports played without balls, and archery, though popular among a certain limited staid class of the community, is almost extinct as a national pastime. It was once one of the most popular of all.

Among the numerous games in which a ball or balls are the most necessary apparatus are, of course, the two great national sports, cricket and football.

Then come lawn tennis, hockey, croquet, lacrosse, polo, water polo, skittles, bowls, golf, marbles, rounders, baseball, fives, racquets, and merely "a game of ball," among outdoor games, and billiards, bagatelle, and ping-pong among the fewer indoor games.

Games which consisted merely of throwing and catching a ball, and which were played by any number of people, were among the most popular of ancient games, and were practised by the Greeks and Romans as excellent means of strengthening the figure and bringing health to the player.

It has been suggested that the modern tendency to leave out the rougher games from those which are now played has coincided with a general decrease in the national stamina and readiness to rough it.

It is indeed regarded as a sign of our desire for idleness and luxurious life generally that we no longer play the harder and sterner games.

The exception, of course, is football, but this is only an exception.

We hear nothing now of the old joust and tournament, when men, mounted on fiery steeds, dashed at each other in earnest with couched lance.

When England was the home of archery every village was alive with zeal and anxiety to lead its neighbours. Nowadays it is the hardest thing in the world to stir up a village to form a rifle club.

Tilting at the quintain, again, was another sport which required skill and daring, and one which brought upon the incompetent a severe punishment. If the tilting horseman made a bad shot at the board it would cause the heavy sandbag to swing round and catch the luckless rider a severe blow in the back, which frequently unseated him.

We have undoubtedly got rid of many brutal and demoralising sports so-called, such as bull-baiting and cock-fighting, but we have also shorn our games of a good many of their rougher and more dangerous elements.

Is it because we are too refined, and are more anxious about keeping our skins whole? There are many who think this is so, and add that all we think about is personal comfort.

CUSTOMER: "But that umbrella looks so awfully cheap and common; the price you ask for it is preposterous."

Dealer: "My dear sir, that's the beauty of that umbrella. It's really the very best quality, but it's made to appear cheap and common so that no one would think it worth stealing."

MRS. FLATTE: "Norah, will you try to have the steak a little more underdone after this?"

The Cook (bristling up): "Is it findin' fault with me cookin' you are?"

Mrs. Flatte: "Oh, no, no! John and I merely thought you might object to remaining over the fire so long."

DROPPING A HINT.

"MY dear Miss Kempton," remarked Mr. Cliftonville, meeting the young lady by chance, "your new hat is simply divine. I crossed the street especially to get a better view. However, I shouldn't like to sit behind it at the theatre."

"But, then, you needn't," retorted Miss Kempton, with an arch smile, "for you are welcome to sit beside it."

What could the poor boy do?

KNICKER: "Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom."

Johnny: "How about swimming?"

TEACHER (to class): "What is an octopus?"

Small Boy (who has just commenced Latin, eagerly): "Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat!"

"DON'T cry!" he intreated.

Then he perceived that her handkerchief was edged with the most exquisite lace.

"Don't weep!" he said, correcting himself.

A BROTHER OFFICER.

GENERAL JONES had some shirts made at a fashionable hosier's, and the cutter, a few weeks later, met the General with a friend.

The General remembered the face, but could not place him, and the cutter greeted him with—

"Good-morning, General."

The General stopped, shook hands, and the cutter, perceiving that the General's mind needed refreshing, said quietly—"Made your shirts."

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the General quickly, and, turning to the gentleman with whom he was walking, he said—"Colonel, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Major Schurz."

A STARVING BRAIN

Rebuilt by Scientific Food.

A LADY living in Bournemouth writes:

"Just after my little girl was twelve months old we began to notice she was rather vacant and stupid. After consulting our family doctor I took her to a well-known London specialist, and he, after a long examination, gave me to understand that she was certainly wanting in brain power, and that she would require the utmost care and attention; indeed, he called it 'an anxious case.'

"He told me to give her a food of a pre-digested nature. I carefully followed the specialist's directions and gave her Grape-Nuts. To the surprise of my nurse and myself she very soon refused any other supper or breakfast food, and cried for Grape-Nuts. She cannot yet talk, but directly we give her Grape-Nuts she is satisfied.

"More than this, and what is to us the most marvellous fact of all, *she began to show more intelligence*, to walk better, less given to convulsive attacks (though still cutting teeth), and altogether more like other children, getting well and stronger every day. This is five or six months ago, and she still has her Grape-Nuts twice a day. She never has a disturbed night, sleeping eleven and twelve hours at a stretch.

"I shall be only too pleased to give anyone writing me strong proof of my faith in Grape-Nuts. I may further say that my faith in 'foods' has been of the poorest, and had it not been that I was tempted by the brain-giving qualities set forth, I shouldn't even have given Grape-Nuts a trial. I am only too thankful I did."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

The child was not receiving from the food she had formerly eaten the necessary nourishment for the brain and nerve centres. This is plain from the condition of her mind and the suffering from convulsions and teething.

Grape-Nuts furnished the phosphate of potash, the food for rebuilding the grey matter in brain and nerve centres, and the results were soon evident in the quickening of the mind and the relief from convulsions, because the nerves were being properly fed.

The Physician wisely advised the use of pre-digested food, for he quickly saw the little one's system was reduced, and could not properly take care of and extract nourishment from ordinary foods.

The makers of Grape-Nuts treat selected parts of wheat and barley by mechanical manipulation, time, moisture, and a slow process of cooking from ten to twelve hours, and thus change the starch in the grains into a form of sugar which is thoroughly digested within an hour, and quickly passes into the blood. Grape-Nuts food is therefore pre-digested and is quickly and easily assimilated even by those having the most sensitive stomachs.

"There's a reason for Grape-Nuts."

7d. per packet. "Ask the grocer."

Physicians find no stomachs too weak to digest

Grape-Nuts

and all thrive upon the food.

Who said BOVRIL?

THE SETTLER'S IDEAL HOME

NEW ZEALAND.

Arrangements have been made with the Shaw, Savill & Albion Co., The New Zealand Shipping Co., and the Federal Steam Navigation Co., for

REDUCED FARES

for 2nd and 3rd Class Passages to persons possessing small capital and approved by the High Commissioner for the Colony. For application forms and further information apply to the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 13 Victoria Street, London, or the Agents in the United Kingdom of the above Shipping Companies.

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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. In 1/- tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post-card to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

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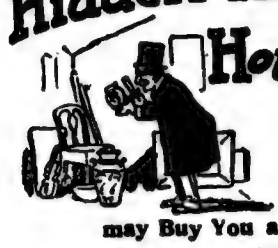
MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

MAKERS TO THE PEOPLE.

Its flavour will suit your palate: its economy will suit your pocket: its digestibility will suit your digestion: and its food value will help to make you strong.

Hidden Hoards in Households



Read This Article Before Clearing Out Old Attics or Cupboards.

An Old Postage Stamp may Buy You a Freehold House.

And an Ancient Vase May Make You Independent for Life.

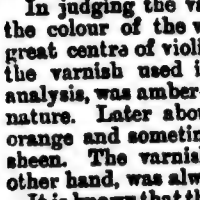
If we ever learn the secret of the varnish which Stradivarius, Amati, and other old violin makers used, and which gives their instruments such wonderful tones, it is probable that the present price of antique fiddles will considerably decrease.

In judging the value of an old violin experts study the colour of the varnish. Cremona, in Italy, was the great centre of violin-making a century or two ago, and the varnish used in that city, which seems to defy analysis, was amber-coloured and of a clear transparent nature. Later about 1770—fiddles had a light reddish orange and sometimes a brown varnish with a satiny sheen. The varnish of the Brescian violins, on the other hand, was always a soft brown.

It is known that there are scores of old fiddles knocking about the world at the present day which are worth sums varying from £100 to £5,000 each. Many of them are probably in attics and cupboards of country cottages, the owners having no idea that they are valuable.

Not so very long ago there was found in the coal-cellar of an empty house in London a mutilated copy of an Aldine "Virgil," dated 1501. Notwithstanding its bad condition it sold for £250.

It is believed that there are many copies of books lying about in lumber rooms which were published by Aldus. If you have any ancient books look through them and see if you can find his trade-mark, or rather press-mark. It is a dolphin coiled round an anchor, and it appears in books published between 1488 and 1505. Aldus' books are worth any amount from £200 upwards.



Might mean a fortune.

There are many bargains to be picked up on bookstalls. Some time since a clerk purchased for a few pence from the owner of a stall in Whitechapel a copy of Gruner's "Italian Frescoes," bound in red morocco by Bedford. He sold it some time later for £75 to a collector.

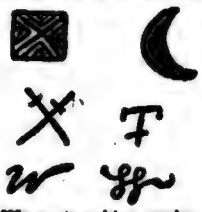
Before pottery came into fashion about four hundred years ago, English people ate their meals from bowls carved from blocks of beechwood or maple. A beechwood bowl is worth over £20 at the present day, while a maplewood bowl, which is called a "mazer," is valued at about £25. Genuine "mazers" have a boss of metal at the bottom, and may have the words "Fille the Kup" in old English lettering under the rim.

Worth £25.

The Chinese first made porcelain. They ground up egg-shells and sea-shells, and turned out tea cups and saucers from the resultant material. Centuries later, a German named Bottcher found some white clay in Dresden, which he discovered was real Kaoline or china-clay. This material was used in the manufacture of the now valuable Dresden china. If you have any old chinaware see whether it bears a couple of crossed Electoral swords. This is the "hall-mark" of the genuine Dresden work.

Specimens of the early output of the Worcester china works are very valuable at the present time, and there is probably more of it knocking about unappreciated on cottage-dressers than of any other ware in Europe. Worcester china is the most valuable as well as the most popular, and if you possess any of it, it will bear one or other of the marks reproduced here.

The first Worcester china was made by Dr. Walls, who founded the works, and it can be identified by a heavy, irregular crescent at the bottom of each piece.



Worcester china marks.

If you have a piece of Chelsea china in your possession it might surprise you to know that it is worth more than its weight in gold. The Chelsea china works ceased to exist in 1765. Cups and saucers, etc., made there are deep-blue, claret-red, canary-yellow, or sea-green, and bear a "hall-mark" in the form of an anchor in red or gold.

Chelsea china marks.

Sevres china has a strange "hall-mark." It is a kind of decorated triangle with the letter A in the centre. At the beginning of the present year an old Sevres vase, hand-painted by Dodin, fetched 4,000 guineas, while, in 1903, a pair of Sevres figures of bathers, thirteen inches high, was sold for 2,100 guineas.

Has fetched 4,000 guineas.

An Elizabethan salt-cellar, weighing nine ounces, which was sold for half-a-sovereign to a visitor at Yarmouth by a boarding-house keeper, was sold some time ago for £750.

Old salt-cellars are always valuable. If you have a triangular salt-cellar in your house, have it sold by auction—that is, if you wish to make money out of it. Triangular salt-cellars will fetch sums ranging from £20 to £60.

Worth perhaps £60.

The set of four vases which was sold to Lord Coventry for £10,000 were originally bought for 3d. each, from a poor woman in a London suburb, while the ginger-jar, which was sold at Christie's the other day for £5,900, and which is really a fine prunus or hawthorn pattern vase with cover, was purchased by Mr. Louis Huth, a well-known collector, from a dealer who had picked it up in Bristol for £25.

If you happen to have a collection of coins, see whether you possess a Charles II. Titian crown by Thos. Simon, who was discharged from the Royal Mint on the accession of that monarch, and who caused a Latin petition to be inscribed round the rim of the crowns that were struck. A Charles II. Titian crown piece is worth anything up to £500.

There is money in rare stamps. The most valuable postage stamp in the world is the 1856 British Guiana, 1 cent. Several copies are known to be in existance, one gracing the album of that famous philatelist, Mons. Phillippe le Renottiese von Ferray of Paris. Mons. von Ferray was offered £5,000 for his specimen, and refused it.

The British Guiana 2 cents circular stamp, rose-coloured, commands £500 at the present day. There is an early Mauritius stamp worth £10 on account of a defect in one of the dies from which it was printed. The engraver executed the "c" in pence so badly that it printed "o."

Worth £500.

Two very valuable stamps are the rare penny and twopenny post-office Mauritius. Each of these will fetch £1,000, and unused copies are worth considerably more.

The stamp issued by the French for the island of Reunion is worth £40 at the present day, and the green local stamp of Chiapas, Mexico, will sell for £25.

FIRELIGHT FACES.

In the chimney-corner, when the day is done,
Sits a little maiden, dreaming all alone;
Building fairy castles of the by-and-bye,
Happy little maiden, knowing not a sigh!
Is it on a lover that her blue eyes dwell?
Is it love's sweet story that she hears him tell?
Faces, firelight faces, faces grave and gay,
Faces softly smiling from the far-away.

Time glides by unheeded, for we never tire,
Never tire of watching those faces in the fire—
Those firelight faces!

In the chimney-corner, as of old, to-day
Someone now is sitting, golden hair grown grey;
But the gallant lover with his love so true
Evermore lies sleeping 'neath the waters blue.
Yet although the lamp of life is burning low,
Come, with happy memories of long ago,
Faces, firelight faces, faces grave and gay,
Faces softly smiling from the far-away!

Time glides by unheeded, for we never tire,
Never tire of watching those faces in the fire—
Those firelight faces!

[These are the words of "Firelight Faces," a pretty song in the series of "Pearson's Sixpenny Music." Copies of the song may be had from any music-seller, bookseller, or bookstall clerk for 6d. each, or post free from the Publisher, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for 7½d.]

"Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the motorist. "It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."

Caddy (to lady amateur who had lost her club for the third time): "If you keep on like this, I see you being champion of England."

The Lady: "What, at golf?"

Caddy: "No—throwing the 'ammer."

Doubting Woman (to grocer): "Really, now, are those eggs fresh?"

Grocer: "Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling."

GAMBLING MADE EASY FOR CHILDREN.

Sweets-shops are Often Places Where Children are Taught to Gamble and Steal.

In Hammersmith, one Sunday evening a few weeks back, the police made a raid upon a sweets-shop situated there.

Upstairs in a room they found more than fifteen boys busily engaged in a game of "banker." Downstairs, where the proprietor, a foreigner, sold his sweetmeats across the counter, all was in perfect order, and the casual customer would not have suspected that on the floor above was a gambling den.

When called as a witness at the West London Police-court, where the confectioner was fined £15 for permitting gambling, one of the boys admitted that the proprietor charged each boy a penny per half-hour for the use of the table, and that on Sundays boys were playing there all day.

Unfortunately, there are many shops of this type in the poorer parts of London. Invariably kept by Italians, they either charge the boys for admission or preside themselves over the gaming-table.

"Banker," dice games, and "coddum" are the favourite diversions, in all of which the proprietor takes care that the chances are in his favour.

Thus in the game of "over seven and under seven," which is played with two dice and a board marked by two divisions, the boys stake their money on either of the divisions. If the uppermost spots on the dice count over seven, the person in charge takes up all the money on the "under seven" side and pays out to the boys who have speculated on the "over seven" side as much money as they have laid on the board.

Should, however, the dice only total seven, the proprietor clears the board of all the money. Thus the chances are always in his favour, and by the aid of "loaded" dice he can always turn up "seven" when it pleases him.

By way of variety, many of these shops also contain automatic gambling machines, while not a few of their keepers take penny and twopenny bets on horse races and football matches.

Automatic gambling machines, indeed, are a curse to society and the ruin of many promising boys. Boys who will not gamble at cards or at betting, think it perfectly right to waste their pennies in these swindling machines.

A couple of years back these machines were to be seen in five out of every six sweets-shops in the poorer parts of the metropolis. But the evil grew so pronounced that the police compelled the owners to destroy them, or, at any rate, to withdraw them from their shops.

A good many did as the police requested, but a greater number simply withdrew them to their gambling dens.

There are quite fifty varieties of this kind of machine. In some of them it is necessary to insert two pennies to win one back, in others the winner gets his penny returned; but a smaller class of machine is in existence whereby the winner obtains a disc of twice or four times the value of the money with which he has speculated.

Naturally, this is the favourite machine in the sweets-shop gambling dens. In one machine you insert a penny before the trigger of a revolver. If you shoot the penny through a small slit in the bull's-eye, a disc runs down a tube entitling you to twopennyworth of sweets or cigarettes, or, if you are one of the gambling "set," twopence in cash. If you miss the bull's-eye you lose your penny. It is a costly game, but it is surprising what fascination it has with boys.

In another machine there is a hole in the bull's-eye of a little larger size than the circumference of a penny, and five similar holes situated round the bull's-eye. Insertion of a penny gives you the use of six balls a little smaller, of course, than the holes.

Every time a ball enters the hole in the bull's-eye a penny is returned, while if it enters the surrounding holes the ball itself is returned. For a halfpenny yet another machine provides the opportunity of winning twopence or of regaining the halfpenny. There are several other types of machine, in which the prevailing temptation is the chance of winning twice as much as is expended.

Though they started innocently enough, the desire to augment their pocket-money by these machines grows into such a fever with many boys, that they are tempted to steal from their parents and employers in order to "try their luck." Several painful instances could be cited to prove the assertion.

The father of one boy arrested at a sweets-shop raid declared that his son had actually sold his Sunday boots and a jacket so that he might tempt fortune with the proceeds in automatic machines.

And while our rising generation are being ruined and turned into criminals, the scoundrelly shopkeepers are reaping small fortunes at their expense.

Even when the proprietor is arrested, his punishment is but a paltry fine, which, being paid, he returns to his shop to restart the practices as soon as the eyes of the police have left his premises. Gambling dens in sweets-shops are a growing evil, and need much more attention at the hands of the authorities than they receive.

ANTIPON

"GETS A GRIP" ON FAT.

Yes, that is the expression which defines the wonderful action of that wonderful remedy, Antipon, now famous the wide world over; it "gets a grip" on fat; it destroys, by gradual but rapid absorption all the superfluous, all the diseased, fatty deposits that clog the system, and at the same time eradicates the fatal TENDENCY to "make fat"—that tendency which seems to defy the most determined attempts to bring down the weight by a rigorously limited dietary. Antipon does not exact any disagreeable restrictions as to food and drink. Quite the contrary. Its splendid tonic action on the digestive organs has the effect of promoting a hearty appetite and assisting digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. The result is obvious. The wholesome food consumed in normal quantities, and thoroughly digested, goes to make rich, new blood, which in turn goes to create new muscular tissue, bone tissue, nerve tissue, brain tissue. In the human body there is a constant alternation of exhaustion and repair. It stands to reason, therefore, that when the dangerous old-time processes of reducing weight were indulged in—processes which were generally nothing better than gradual starvation, aggravated by mineral drugging, cathartics, sweating, and other abuses—the exhaustion exceeded the repair. Hence poor blood (anæmia, loss of vitality, depression, faintness, dizziness, and other evils). The system cannot stand such a strain. Nature rebels, and the worst consequences ensue. The Antipon treatment is, then, based on the principle that while the drain of fat-reduction is going on strength must be increased by "feeding up." That is why this wonderful treatment has found favour with the highest authorities, and, to judge by the constantly increasing demand, with the stout portion of the world's inhabitants as well.

Antipon "gets a grip" on fat from the beginning. Within twenty-four hours after taking the first doses there is a decrease ranging from 8oz. to 3lb.—in extreme cases the latter figure is often exceeded—and this is followed always by a daily diminution, sure, steady, and satisfactory, until normal conditions of weight and proportions are lastingly re-established. The doses may be discontinued forthwith. The tendency to stoutness, as we have pointed out, is eradicated.

Stout people are not always aware of the risks they run. There forms about the vital organs, within and without, a mass of fatty matter which gradually encroaches on the freedom of action of these organs, especially the heart. Fatty degeneration ensues, sometimes with fatal results. Antipon removes all this fatty matter, and the beneficial effect is obvious. Sincerely, no stout person, however disappointed he or she may have been with all the remedies they have tried, should neglect to try the Antipon treatment, which has the crowning virtue of being comparatively inexpensive.

Antipon is composed of pure and harmless vegetable substances in a liquid form. It is agreeably and refreshingly tart, and in appearance like a light red French wine. It can be taken at all times without inconvenience or any disquieting after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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GRATEFUL LADY'S STARTLING TESTIMONY.

"THE ANTIPON COMPANY,—I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the results of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until last February, in a sort of desperation, I began to take your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first dose I weighed just 14st. (I am 5ft. 1in. in height); now I weigh 10st. 1½lb. I have had the clothing I wore in February weighed; it is 2¼lb. heavier than what I wear now. Allowing for this difference, I am 52lb. lighter than I was before taking Antipon. But better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I think I may regard my cure as permanent. Now, I never should have written this letter if I had not been certain my name and address would not be made public, but if any poor lady suffering from excessive stoutness would be encouraged to try your treatment and obtain the benefit I have obtained, I should not object to your giving her, privately, my name and address, and I would answer any questions put to me. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon.

"P.S.—I may say that it was a chemist's assistant, now in London, who recommended your Antipon."

••••••

A GRACEFUL NATURAL FIGURE can always be regained by any stout person who will carefully follow a course of the simple, pleasant, and entirely harmless Antipon treatment. No condition of excessive stoutness is proof against the wonderful fat-reducing powers of this marvellous remedy, which has permanently reduced thousands to normal weight and natural, graceful proportions, and at the same time brought back the glow of health to the cheek and the vigour and energy of youth. Antipon is not only an absorbent of superfluous and diseased fatty matter; it is a tonic of the highest value, and in that respect alone is worth its weight in gold. It tones up the whole digestive system, gives a keen, healthy appetite and perfects the processes of digestion, nutrition, and assimilation. Thus the subject is gradually strengthened by wholesome muscle-forming food (there are no disagreeable restrictions of any kind), and the blood is enriched and the nervous system refortified, while the decrease of weight is proceeding surely and safely without the slightest trouble or inconvenience. Figure, limbs, facial lines, even down to the fingers—every part of the body is improved in shape, the muscles becoming firm and well-moulded. Antipon is essentially a rejuvenating treatment, giving back that feeling of exhilaration and bodily comfort to which very stout persons must necessarily be strangers. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be obtained (on forwarding amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER, is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. It WILL PERMANENTLY CURE Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Glandular Swellings, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, and ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Of all Chemists, 2/9 per bottle.

DON'T BE GULLED! THERE ARE NO BOOT PROTECTORS "JUST AS GOOD AS" **BLAKEY'S**

PICTURE POSTCARDS & CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Superb Stock of Artistic Gems. Six millions secured at quarter wholesale prices. Must sell quickly. Record value for all. Quality with cheapness.

50 different postcards in beautiful Colours, Photos, &c. Lovely British Scenery, Holiday Resorts, Castles, Actresses, Humorous, &c., for 1/6, or one gross all different for .. 3/-
75 Best Christmas Post Cards 1/-
12 Exquisite Christmas Cards with silk ribbons and tassels, 1/-
25 Selected including silk cords, &c... 1/-

All Post Free. Full List Free. Agents wanted. CENTRAL CARD AGENCY, 1012, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

What Would You Do? Why send at once for John Thridgould's

1s. Christmas Cards AND SEASONABLE Novelties. 1s.

Don't miss this. Never before has such a Shillingsworth been offered. Nothing prettier or better could be wished for.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

You get the whole of the following splendid new assortment:

A most charming selection of TWENTY CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS, all most beautiful folding and embossed designs. Published value, 2d., 3d., and 6d. each. Among the Novelties will be found—

A DAINTY BOOKLET, with leaflet and silk bow of ribbon.

FAIRY TALES ILLUSTRATED. A very pretty card suitable for the youngsters.

A QUICK-CHANGING CARD. Depicting cot with sleeping children, changing to Father Christmas loaded with Xmas presents.

OFF FOR A RIDE. Days of Pleasure. Happy children on their favourite steed, cleverly constructed to stand.

A VERY A-MEW-SING CARD. Cat Life. Full of fun. By Louis Wain.

HEADS, AND THE TALES they tell. Indeed a very charming card.

Sunbeams for the year. CHOICE CALENDAR to hang, and forms pretty floral panels, embossed, and wishing A Year of Happiness.

A very funny FOLDING COMIC CARD, and other humorous designs. Sure to cause a roar. Ridiculously funny.

A delightful souvenir is THE GOOD LUCK BOOKLET. A pretty floral Horseshoe card, with forget-me-nots and violets, finished in best style with silk cord and tassels.

Also a very unique card, and sure to be admired, is a PRETTY BASKET OF FLOWERS from the collection of Messrs. R. Tuck & Sons (jewelled).

WHAT MORE? Yes, last but not least, is our Annual Free Gift: a most artistic Booklet Card, jewelled and finished with a bow of silk ribbon. Beauty in miniature. INDEED A PRETTY GIFT.

In all Twenty Presents—a fascinating assortment that, if bought in the ordinary way, would cost at least Five Shillings.

The whole of the above will be sent, securely packed, on receipt of P.O. for 1s., and 2 stamps to defray postage; or Two differently assorted Parcels, P.O. 2s., and 3d. for Parcel Post.

PACKET OF 20 LARGE ENVELOPES TO FIT CARDS, 3d. extra.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of CHRISTMAS CARDS, NOVELTIES, &c., post free 3 stamps. CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.,
18 & 20 SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E. (ESTAB. 185.).

WEDDING **KEEPERS** SENT FREE

OUR HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

We are actual Manufacturing Jewellers, and only supply our goods direct to the public. We therefore give greater value than the usual retail man.

If you are wanting a Ring, Brooch, Chain, Pin, or Jewellery, or Electro plate of any description, before purchasing elsewhere call or write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue.

GRENFELL FRAZIER & CO., Dept. 30, 12, 14, 16 EDGWARE ROAD, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.

MASTERS' Diamond and Ruby 18-ct. Gold Ring, 30/- on EASY TERMS. Send 2/6, pay a further sum on receipt, and 5/- monthly, or 27/- cash. Rings £25, etc. Ring list free.

MASTERS LTD., 04, HOPE STORES, ENG.

THE NONPAREIL LEVER.

Send 2s. 6d. deposit, and Balance 1s. Weekly. Fitted with Removable Dust-proof Cap, in massive Government Hall-marked Silver Cases, reduced to **27/6**

Warranted 10 years. Money returned if not satisfactory. This Nonpareil positively has no equal. Sent on approval for 7 Days to any address.

Free. A Massive Government-stamped Solid SILVER CHAIN given to all sending full cash with order.

WEDDING, KEEPER, and FANCY RINGS, CHAINS, TABLE CUTLERY, CLOCKS, &c., &c. ON EASY TERMS.

Write (Dept. 55), A. THOMAS, No. 2?7 Upper St., Islington, London, N.

RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. R. H. Temple, 9 Pugh's Place, Carnaby Street, London W.

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids. ½-lb., 1s. 4d.; 1-lb., 2s. 4d.; 2-lb., 4s. 4d., free. Supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, S.O. Devonshire.

BOX FREE.
(ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY.)
Oxien for Heart Disease

If you have any indications of Heart Disease, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fulness in the Throat, Dropsy, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the Left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free supply of Oxien, sufficient for a week's trial, together with a treatise on the heart and testimonials of people who have been cured. Send no stamps. Package in plain wrapper.—THE GIANT OXIEN CO. (Dept. 6 G), 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

10/6 GENT.'S Magnificent 18ct. gold-cased CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty. Also fashionable CURB (pocket-to-pocket) double ALBERT, same quality (stamped and guaranteed), with handsome Seal attached; the three together reduced to 10/6; approval before payment.

10/6—LADY'S 18ct. gold-cased KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also, LONG WATCH GUARD, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, elegant design; two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; worth £2 2s.; approval before payment.

21/-—LADY'S £6 6s. solid gold (stamped) KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; week's trial; sacrifice, 21s.; approval.

7/6—HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN, genuine 18ct. gold (stamped) filled choice design, in velvet case; sacrifice, 7s. 6d.; another heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long; sacrifice 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.

6/6—CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled in velvet case; 6s. 6d.; another heavier quality, sacrifice, 8s. 6d.

12/6—LOVELY REAL RUSSIAN SABLE, Fox colour, rich and lustrous long STOLE FUR NECKLET, with handsome Muff to match; worth £4 4s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d.; approval.

10/6—LUSTROUS diamond and ruby HALF-HOOP RING, set with 5 matchless doublet rubies and 2 real diamonds; solid gold, hall marked, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.

5/9—BROOCH; handsome 18ct. rolled gold, 2 swallows in flight; set turquoise and pearls in case; approval before payment.

Full List of Bargains Post Free.—F. H. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 264 Brixton Road, London.

BALDNESS

A French Specialist who has devoted his life to the study of Hair Diseases, having cured thousands of almost hopeless cases, will send a

FREE TRIAL

of a genuine inexpensive treatment to all who write enclosing 2 stamps.

W. HENRI FRANCIS, BRIXTON Rd London

CLEANSE YOUR STOMACH—ROUSE YOUR LIVER.

THE ORGANIC CLEANSER.

The present age is an age of endurance when men and women of brilliant attainments need something to correct the errors of civilised life and living. The ingredients of health, long life, and endurance are to be found in Kutnow's Powder, the most efficient organic cleanser.

It has precisely the same effect as the taking of the waters at the most famous Continental Spas, where people resort to recuperate. In Kutnow's Powder you have a remedy which you can take systematically without fear of punishing the digestive and excretory organs.

The secret of health and good spirits is to be found in a clean stomach, an active liver, free kidney action, and well regulated bowels. All this is attained after a course of Kutnow's Powder.

Sometimes a merry evening produces headache the next morning. But if you take Kutnow's Powder at 7 a.m. you will be quite fit for the duties of the day by 9 a.m. Kutnow's sweeps away all the débris of the night before. The great test of efficiency is the ever growing popularity of this famous remedy amongst the highest classes in Society. The most distinguished medical men recommend it, and that speaks volumes.

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE!

You are simply requested to test Kutnow's Powder, and for this purpose a package will be sent to you free and post-paid in exchange for the coupon below, duly filled in with your name and address.

Rev. CHARLES E. WINCOTT writes:

"About three years ago I was confined to my bed for a short time with a very acute attack of Liver complaint. After other medicines had failed to take any effect, I was recommended by my doctor to try Kutnow's Powder, and I am glad to say that after taking two bottles I was completely cured, and my health has been better ever since.

"Rev. CHAS. E. WINCOTT
"*(Incumbent of St. Philip's Church, Adlington, Lancs.).*"

A FAMOUS SPECIALIST writes:

"Aix-les-Bains, June 7th, 1905.

"Many thanks for Kutnow's Powder you sent me for the Thermal Hospital. It has proved equally beneficial for my Rheumatic and Gouty patients both in the hospital as well as for those patients taking the Aix-les-Bains cure.

"LEON BLANC, M.D."

(Consulting Physician at Aix-les-Bains, Physician of the Thermal Hospital, Member of the Council for Hygiene of Aix, &c., &c.)

Reduced Fac-simile Package

Genuine Kutnow's Powder.

How to Detect Fraudulent Imitations.

You must be careful to avoid spurious substitutes, which frequently cause irreparable injury. Kutnow's Powder is strongly recommended by the leading physicians for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels; it can be obtained at all conscientious chemists at 2s. 9d. per bottle, or it will be sent direct from Kutnow's London Offices for 2s. post-paid in the United Kingdom. Examine the package (shown in the reduced illustration) and see that it bears the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co., Ld.," and the registered trade-mark, "Hirschensprung, or Deer Leap." You will then avoid imitations,

And Secure the Genuine Kutnow's Powder.

SIGN THIS FORM

TO OBTAIN KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE OF CHARGE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"Pearson's Weekly," 30/11/05.

Cut out and send this Form to S. KUTNOW & Co., Ltd., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Sole Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

£10,000 CASH PRIZES!

We are offering the above enormous sum in this the greatest, fairest, easiest competition of modern times. Anyone can compete, it's as simple as A B C. We send the full rules and conditions upon which the Prizes will be awarded by independent Judges to all Competitors. REMEMBER THE PRIZES WILL BE PAID IN CASH

GRAND NATIONAL COMPETITION.

First Grand Prize	£5,000
Second "	500
Third "	250
Fourth "	100
Fifth "	50
And 2,400 Consolation Prizes of £5, £2, and £1 each	4,100
2,405 Cash Prizes	Total £10,000

FIRST GRAND PRIZE - £5,000.

This is surely worth trying for. If you wish to compete send One Shilling; by return you receive (carriage paid) parcel containing A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, perfect Works of Art, facsimile photogravure reproductions of masterpieces of leading artists exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Louvre, and the principal British and Continental Art Salons. These charming pictures will adorn and help to furnish the most artistic home. With these we also send you (state which you prefer) 12 CHARMING CHRISTMAS CARDS, or 12 highly artistic PICTURE POSTCARDS, beautifully printed or hand-painted in colours or photogravure, designed by artists of the highest repute. Portraits of charming Actresses, Celebrities, Art Studies, Landscape and Seaside Views, Humorous Studies, and thousands of other chic and tasteful subjects. THE GRAND NATIONAL COMPETITION. WHAT IS IT? Simply to estimate the Birth-rate of the United Kingdom for the last three months of this year. The prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit to those who are nearest the correct number. Fill in the Form Below and Post with One Shilling. Foreign Postage 3d. extra. THEN FILL. REMIT AT ONCE, LEST YOU FORGET.

Space for your Estimate.

GRAND NATIONAL Competition Form.

I estimate that the number of Births which will be registered in the United Kingdom for the last three months of this year will be:

The number of Births registered in the United Kingdom for the last three months of ..... } 1903 was 279,281; 1903 " 284,459; 1904 " 284,880

NAME IN FULL ..... (State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss).

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS } .....

Please write very plainly.

This form must be posted at once, with 1s. Postal Order or Twelve 1d. Stamps.

THE BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL ART PUBLISHERS,
17, 18, and 31, Great Sutton Street, London, E.C.

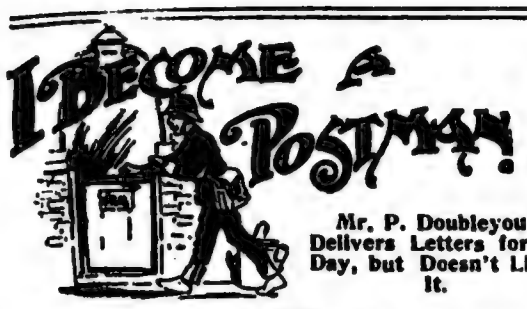
A. CONAN DOYLE

This distinguished author has written a story which is, perhaps, the greatest work of his life. The scene is laid in the Middle Ages, that stirring period in English history which we never tire of reading about.

"SIR NIGEL"

The first instalment of this fascinating story appears in the XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER (ready December 1st) of the

STRAND MAGAZINE



Mr. P. Doubleyou Delivers Letters for a Day, but Doesn't Like It.

The Fact that "Full Pension" is two-thirds of Full Pay Cheers Him,

Till He Learns That Only Three or Four in a Thousand Live to be Old Enough to Enjoy It.

THE fact was that I felt a bit tired. I told the Editor so as we watched the postman collect the letters from the office pillar-box. "What you want is a nice, easy job," said the Editor. I assented, and thought that he had gauged my feelings for once.

"Such as a postman's," he added. "Well, your wish shall be gratified. Go, and be a postman for a day."

He had decreed. Usually I am not in love with his ideas as to suitable employment for me, but this time we were quite in accord. When I came to think about it, there seemed to be no more enviable employment than that of a postman.

It had always seemed to me to be such pleasant work to wander about in the open air; in fact, it seemed the very work I wanted.

A LITTLE EARLIER THAN EDITORIAL HOURS.

Armed with various missives provided by the Editor, I presented myself at the post-office next morning. The time was a little earlier than I usually turn up at the office, and I was scarcely enamoured of this portion of my new work. As a matter of fact, it was ten minutes to six when I turned up at the post-office, and then I was a little late.

The postman I was to accompany was already at work arranging his letters. In a medium-sized office the first thing done is to sort the letters roughly into the "walks" of the postmen. This had been done, and my postman had in hand a mass of letters lumped together for his walk.

It was marvellous to watch the dexterity with which he sorted the mass before him into districts and streets. As he arranged them he tied them loosely into bundles of about thirty or forty letters, all in due order. He told me that no man is worth his salt who cannot sort fifteen hundred letters in three-quarters of an hour.

In between-hands he told me nice little things about the duties, and gave me some regulations to digest.

To become a fully qualified postman I had to pass a simple examination, after which I was to start with a wage of a pound a week, rising to 34s. for central London, though there were other scales rising to 30s., or to 26s. for outer London. Provincial postmen rise to sums varying from 22s. to 30s., and rural postmen from 20s. to 28s.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE FREE.

I was to have all the medical attendance and all the medicines I required free. I smacked my lips at the mention of Christmas boxes, which I could solicit in a respectable manner, and thought that there was where I should shine. I knew I should do well with my poor old Editor, or else I would leave all the little scented notes at his private address instead of his office. I think I could manage to get a good box out of him when I had explained matters—in a respectable manner.

The matter of dress interested me hugely. I fancy myself in a postman's uniform. That is why I was glad to learn that a benevolent Government meant to supply me with a summer tunic, a pair of summer trousers, a winter tunic, a winter vest, a summer vest, a pair of winter trousers, and a shako every year. Should I work in the provinces, it would let me wear a straw hat, or it would issue a summer shako to me if I would stay in London.

Then every two years I was to have an overcoat and a waterproof cape. Once every three years I was to get a waistbelt, should I carry a lamp, and even a pair of leggings under certain circumstances. This was grand.

RIGHT ON FOR FULL PENSION.

After I had put in ten years' service, I was to be eligible for a pension, which, at the end of forty years' service, would amount to two-thirds of what I was then earning.

"This work will just about suit me," I remarked to my postman friend. "I shall go right on until I get my full pension."

"Oh! will you?" he remarked caustically. "Do you know how many men live to draw their full pension?" he queried.

"Well, no, I don't," I remarked truthfully.

"As a matter of fact, there are only about three or four out of every thousand who live to the age necessary to secure the full pension," he said, in a tone which somehow or other discouraged me.

"You haven't seen half the work of the office yet," he added. "I've to sign for my registered letters yet, and to book up my re-direction order-book."

When anybody is away from home, or leaves his old address, it is usual to fill up a form, which is supplied by the post-office, and on which the person expressed his desire to have all communications sent on to him at another address.

It is part of the duty of the postman to see that all letters are so re-directed, and he has to enter full particulars in a book kept in his possession. I didn't like this duty, but I found out there were others to which I had to attend.

For instance, I should get into hot water if I failed to detect any underpaid letters which passed through my hands, or any unregistered letters which contained coin. Any letters which were not properly sealed, I had to hand over to a certain official to be properly sealed by him.

"You'll have a nice little lot on hand when you've to deal with freak addresses, and letters addressed by editors," he remarked sarcastically. "I get some fair treats sometimes." Improperly and insufficiently addressed correspondence is a bugbear to the postman.

DOING A LITTLE X-LISTING.

"When you're ready, here are the rules you'll have to bear in mind- 134 of 'em," were his next cheerful remarks. This job did not seem so attractive after all.

"Here, you'd better take a turn at X-listing," he added.

"I beg your pardon?"

"X-listing; here you are."

Then I found out that X-listing consisted of recording parcels on a post-office form which is denoted by the letter X. On the X-list has to be shown certain particulars, which are kept for the purposes of the Clearing House.

"You'll find some newspaper wrappers there that require sorting," he said, and he went on to explain that certain publishers make a practice of sending in empty addressed and stamped covers. These are sorted by the postmen, and are returned to the newspaper office tied into bundles, each bundle being properly labelled. At the newspaper office they are then filled with newspapers and taken to the allotted postal divisions. This saves much time to the newspaper office, as they can be sent to the post-offices at the last minute, and, being properly sorted, will catch the mail.

"A NICE LOT OF WORK WHEN WE GET BACK."

"Come on, it's time we were out," remarked my friend. He added: "You'll have a nice lot of work to attend to when we get back."

I by no means liked the remark, or the tone in which it was made, and I must confess I felt a bit sleepy.

So we started off on the walk. I learned nothing much about the actual delivery of the letters which I had not guessed already, but I was surprised how tiring the work is. We had to maintain a steady pace in order to keep strict punctuality on the walk; we had to call at intermediate sub-offices, and a record was kept of the time we reached these points. Sometimes an inspector will turn up unexpectedly to note the exact locality of the postman and the time.

At first I thought it was jolly fine exercise walking up and down the steps of houses delivering the letters; after a while I began to get wearied, and my legs ached. It was a muggy day, and I got sick of stair-climbing.

"Bless you, it's nothing to what it is when the sun gets up on a July morning," cheerfully remarked my friend. "How will you like your job when you're out delivering in rough weather, when icy blasts cut you to the bone, eh?"

I shuddered.

"Still, we all prefer the winter to the summer for our work. I never met a postman yet who didn't like winter-time better than summer, although he usually gets a few bad colds."

A BIT EARLY FOR INQUIRIES.

"It's a bit too early yet, or we should have had somebody asking for particulars about the mails to Jerusalem, or somewhere of the sort. It's the silly questions that people ask that makes me as sick as anything connected with this business. And if you check 'em, they'll report you as sure as fate, and you'll get into a fine old mess, I can tell you."

It was now time to do some collecting duty. We were timed to walk from one box to the next at the rate of 100 yards a minute, and we had to call at the offices of private firms.

"This is another queer job that you'll have to get used to," said my friend. I mumbled a weak assent.

"Yes, it's a very queer job, for you never know what you're going to find in a pillar box. Perhaps the lock won't work easily, or the mail may be heavy, or lots of things, and then you get into a row for being behind time.

"Then you meet the man that's posted a letter by mistake, and he wants it back again. He's been waiting for your coming, he says. When you politely tell him that you can't let him have the letter back, he gets abusive. This is a sort of thing that's constantly happening; and when you lose your temper with him, why, you get reported, and lose a stripe."

Well, we trudged on until we got back to the office, after an absence of three hours. I thought we had done enough work for the day, so I was considerably surprised when I was told that I had a good deal more to do, and that I should have to go through the same routine twice before the day's work was ended.

This settled me. I crawled back to the office, and told the Editor that perhaps, after all, a postman's life would not fill all my ambitions.

AT THE MERCY OF THE BRIGANDS.

WHAT FREEDOM HAS COST THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

THE recent escape of Mr. Wills, the Englishman employed by the Turkish Tobacco Régie, from the bandits of the Monastir district, recalls instances of some who have been less fortunate.

The impudent capture and detention by Moorish brigands of two British naval officers the other day was an event not without a parallel in the lawless regions nominally under the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco.

The two officers, Captain J. E. Crowther and Lieutenant E. S. Hatton, both of the R.M.L.I., were, it seems, returning by land to Ceuta, from the scene of the salvage operations connected with H.M.S. *Assistance*, when, on being attacked by half a dozen bandits, they were cowardly deserted by their escort of twenty-one Riffs and left to be captured.

One of the conditions of release was the immediate release of the bandit chief's brother, then a prisoner in the hands of the Sultan; but it seems somewhat surprising that advantage was not taken of the occasion to bleed the "infidel foreigner."

The perpetrators of this outrage appear to have taken a leaf out of the book of the notorious Raisuli, who in the course of last year seized and detained Mr. Ion Perdicaris and Mr. Varley, surprising their captives almost under the walls of Tangier.

It will be remembered that the negotiations for their release occupied a considerable time, and that even then they were only given their freedom on payment of the substantial ransom of £11,000 and the release of a number of Raisuli tribesmen, who had for several weeks been languishing in durance vile.

It was by Moorish tribesmen, too, that the French traveller, the Marquis of Lequonzac, was captured during the spring of the present year. He was fortunate enough, however, to regain his freedom on comparatively easy terms, his captors being satisfied to give it him in exchange for a modest £350.

Most painful recollections are recalled by the case of Lord and Lady Muncaster and party, who in 1870 were captured by Greek brigands within a dozen miles of Athens, the Greek capital. Besides Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were taken prisoners, but it is due to their captors to say that the ladies were set at liberty a few hours afterwards.

The male captives were, however, detained, and the enormous ransom of fifty thousand pounds was demanded for their release. After a couple of days' detention Lord Muncaster was liberated in order that he might arrange the ransom, which the brigands reduced to twenty-five thousand pounds.

The negotiations proceeded for several days, but, unfortunately, failed, and, exasperated at being balked of their ransom money, which they had looked upon as a practical certainty, the brigands put the three captives still in their hands—namely, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Vyner, and Mr. Lloyd—to death.

Another party who underwent the disagreeable experience of capture by Greek brigands was composed of Colonel Synge and Mr. and Mrs. Suter and the latter's child. In the case of the first-named, eleven thousand pounds was demanded, and actually paid, as the price of sweet liberty, but for the release of Mr. Suter and his wife and child a still higher ransom was asked.

They had to hand over the substantial fortune of fourteen thousand pounds to regain their freedom.

Probably the most extravagant sum ever demanded as ransom was the forty thousand pounds asked for the release of Mr. Arthur Haseldin, who was captured by Spanish brigands, in the Sierra Morena.

But what they asked and what was paid were two very different amounts, for, when they found that nothing like such a sum as that demanded was forthcoming, the brigands were glad to accept less than a sixth of their demand. After some days of negotiation, Mr. Haseldin's brother was able to secure his release on payment of a ransom of six thousand pounds.

The case of Miss Stone, the American lady missionary, who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a band of Turkish marauders, three or four years ago, will be fresh in the minds of our readers.

The intrepid lady was ultimately set at liberty, but not until the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand pounds have been paid over to the brigands.

About thirty years ago Cardinal Theodoli, the Intendent of St. Peter's, Rome, was captured while taking a holiday at the Abbey of Trivulsi, near Frosinone. A ransom of two thousand pounds was demanded for his release, and, seeing that only this would secure him freedom, the cardinal sent his servant off to fetch the money, which, when he returned, was paid over to the brigands. The latter then implored his pardon, pleading that misery had made them what they were, and that they were all good Catholics.

Touched by this appeal, the Cardinal gave them his blessing, and in gratitude the chief kissed his hand most fervently, while he also relieved the bishop's finger of the pastoral ring. It was, however, thrust into his hand about twelve months later, when he was one day crossing the bridge of St. Angelo from St. Peter's.

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

Industries Routed by Rates

High Rates, Heavy Rents, and Big Pay-Sheets are Driving Many Firms Out of Large Towns and Cities.

London has Already Evicted a Large Part of the Printing Trade.

While Brickmakers and Shipbuilders Find Themselves Threatened with Exile.

"In a few years' time there will not be a vestige left of the hive of industry that existed on the Thames some thirty years ago." Such is the gloomy forecast made by Mr. Yarrow, of the well-known firm of steamship builders and engineers bearing his name. It has been called forth by the fact that his firm have definitely decided to migrate from London to some place in the north, probably on the banks of the Tyne.

The high rates and heavy rent so notorious in Poplar have been the cause of this severe blow to her working-class population. In consequence, the greater portion of Messrs. Yarrow's twelve hundred hands employed in their Isle of Dogs establishment will be thrown on to Poplar's already lengthy unemployed list.

Compared with those in the North of England, Poplar's rates are three times as heavy, while rent is proportionately higher. Other considerations which have urged Messrs. Yarrow to this step are the facts that steel plates cost more in London, while coal, and materials generally, are dearer in consequence of the distance they have to be brought. Londoners, too, expect higher wages than northern workers. Similarly, as regards pay for night-work, northerners receive time and a quarter, or time and an eighth, whereas Messrs. Yarrow's men refuse less than time and a half.

SEVERAL BIG FIRMS IN POPLAR.

Unfortunately, the case of Messrs. Yarrow doesn't stand alone. Several other big Poplar firms recently removed to the country, whilst the representatives of a few others are making inquiries for suitable sites to which to transfer their businesses. In almost every instance where a firm has moved from London to the country, even though it may still retain an office in town, the chief factors responsible have been the high rent and rates, and the heavy cost of production in consequence.

Only a little while ago Battersea put a huge works and twelve thousand persons to flight because of these reasons. Foreseeing that their stay in Battersea would eventually result in a loss, the directors of the London and South-Western Railway Company determined to remove their locomotive works at Nine Elms to the Hampshire town of Eastleigh. Unlike other firms, however, the company agreed to take their employés with them, and so the three thousand operatives, with their families, totalling in all twelve thousand persons, have transferred their custom from Battersea shopkeepers to those of Eastleigh.

TWELVE HUNDRED MEN THREATENED.

Similarly, at Edmonton, twelve hundred men are threatened with dismissal because of the high rates there. At a meeting of the District Council recently the chairman declared that if the rates were increased, twelve hundred men engaged in the brickmaking industry would be thrown out of employment. As a brickmaker himself, he would close some of his works, causing the dismissal of some three or four hundred men.

During the past twenty years nearly forty firms have been driven out of Southwark by the pressure of high rates, and more particularly by what is deemed the unfair and illegal rating of machinery. Bermondsey is another of London's chief industrial boroughs that has compelled very many large firms to flee further afield.

A notable instance of this is that of Messrs. Donkin and Clench, who used to employ in their Bermondsey engineering works and ironfoundry upwards of five hundred employés. They removed some months ago to Chesterfield, Derbyshire, finding it impossible to successfully compete with rival firms unhampered by the high cost of production with which London firms suffer.

IT'S CHEAPER TO MOVE THAN PAY RATES.

The past year has been one of the worst on record in the London printing trade, many hundreds of men being constantly unemployed, and no small contributing factor to this is because of the large number of big firms which have opened branches in the country during the past ten years or so. Though they have to pay heavy bills for the carriage of their work to and from London, it pays them better in the end, for in the country they escape heavy rentals and rates, while the wages of their employés are much lower than the trade union wages in force in London.

The huge firm of Waterlow and Sons have of late years opened works at Birmingham and Dunstable, the latter place giving employment to a large number of men who were formerly employés of theirs in London. Similarly, Messrs. Unwin Brothers have for some years occupied large works at Woking, Surrey, where the cost of production is in every way cheaper than in London. At Aylesbury, again, are the country works of Messrs. Hazel, Watson, and Viney; and so one might take the names of the biggest printing firms in existence and discover that, though their businesses originated and existed in London for many years, the proprietors were forced to flee because of heavy rates and the great cost of production.

That the heavy freightage bills of migrated firms do not seriously handicap them is evident from the fact that in Bideford, and in many parts of North Devonshire, are to be found firms which have come thither from London, and which conduct their business just as usual with their clients, sending their work to and fro by railway.

There are, however, many examples outside London. The great soap firm of Messrs. Lever Brothers were driven out of Warrington on account of the enormous price asked for a small piece of land which they required for the extension of their premises. Instead of having a flourishing factory in their midst, the townfolk of Warrington are chagrined to see the great firm growing more and more in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead, instead of providing employment for hundreds of her inhabitants.

In Nottingham improvements and enormous borrowings on the part of the town council, and high wages paid to corporation servants, has led to many works taking flight beyond the municipal area. In order to escape the excessive urban imposts, lace manufacturers have similarly been driven to the small villages, where they can work more economically.

RECOGNISED.

"Excuse me," said the absent-minded professor, "but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes," answered the young lady, "our hostess introduced us just before dinner."

"Ah, yes!" rejoined the professor, "I was positive I had seen you somewhere; I never forget a face."

He: "How I envy that man who has just sung a solo!"

She: "Indeed! I thought he had a very poor voice."

"It isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve."

A woman entered a draper's shop in London Road and said: "I want to buy a muff."

"Yes, madam," answered the assistant; "what fur?"

"What fer?" cried the woman indignantly; "why, to keep my hands warm, of course."

KNEW TOO MUCH.

A story is told of a certain tradesman whose premises were almost entirely destroyed as a result of a mysterious fire. The stock was fully insured, and there was some talk of arson. Proceedings were actually taken against the owner of the business, but owing to lack of evidences the prosecution fell through.

Soon afterwards the shop was re-opened with an entirely new stock, and the tradesman advertised in the local newspaper for an errand-boy. Among the applicants for the post was a bright youth who had just left school.

"Well, my boy," said the tradesman, "and what do you know?"

"Oh!" was the cool response, "I know a lot. For one thing, I knows how to keep my mouth shut, an' if you're thinking of having another flare-up, you'll find me as close as an hoyster!"

To the youngster's surprise he wasn't engaged.

Friend: "I haven't seen you for some time."

Poet: "No. Fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately."

Friend: "I feared so. How much do you owe?"

The facetious boarder had the plot laid for a killing joke.

"It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen, feathers and all."

"The next time," said the landlady, with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her, bill and all."

EXEMPLARY GENTLENESS.

"I'm not so particular about speed, but I must have a gentle horse," repeated Mr. Green. "My wife wants to drive, you see. Will you warrant this horse to be safe?"

"Certainly," said the dealer reassuringly. "He's a regular lady's horse."

"You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked Mr. Green anxiously, and for the tenth time.

The dealer assumed an air of reflection.

"Well, there is one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of ever since I got him," he admitted conscientiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear someone might say 'Whoa'! and he not hear it."

DYEING CLOTHES WITH SAUSAGES.

Novel Uses of Well-known Articles.

A purveyor of sausages in Swaziland has made a great fortune owing to the large demand for his goods for dyeing garments. He was greatly astonished at the vast demand which sprang up for his German sausages. On inquiry he found that the sausages were so full of aniline dye that the women were colouring their garments a bright vermilion with the water in which they had been boiled.

It is a fact that a great many of our most fashionable youths are wearing waistcoats which have been dyed by microbes. Most beautiful colours are produced by certain microbes, and at some time it will be possible to buy a delicately microbe-tinted tie, and to eat microbe-dyed food. Some of our most highly esteemed foods owe their delicious flavour to the presence of microbes.

Not long ago a firm of oil merchants in Munich forwarded samples of their goods to a large landowner and agriculturist in the neighbourhood. The sample consisted of a bottle of a new waterproofing oil, which they were bringing out, and they sent it in order that he might try its effect upon boots, harness, and so on.

Some time after they wrote to him again asking him if he would be good enough to favour them with his opinion as to the merits of the oil. They received the following reply: "I was exceedingly pleased with the oil; it gives a better flavour to a salad than anything of the kind I have used before. I am not, however, quite clear as to the use of the brush, which you also inclosed, and thus am not able to give you any opinion as to its quality."

A new use for rotten eggs was shown at the Thames Police-court some little time ago. A man was charged with being in possession of rotten eggs, and his defence was that his wife broke the eggs in order to shampoo the children. In reply to Mr. Mead it was stated that ancient eggs are very good for the hair.

A new use has been discovered for mummies. They are dissolved into paint, and an artists' colour manufacturer states that they have a distinct commercial value when ground up. Properly treated, they make a rich, light-brown colour, which is in great favour amongst artists. Some of the most delightful pictures exhibited on the Royal Academy walls owe their richness to the presence of ground-up mummies.

A new use has been discovered for milk in the paving of streets. The milk is solidified, and the streets are then paved with the solid substance, thus supplanting flagstones and macadam.

Treacle forms an excellent bear-trap. Maple syrup is poured over heaps of fallen leaves. The bear then comes down to lick up the syrup, and gets his eyes covered with the leaves. The moment the bear tries to get the leaves out of his eyes the tighter they stick to his face, and so he is easily captured.

An ingenious Texan tailor has discovered a new way of using barrels. One of his specialities is the pressing of gentlemen's attire, and he has fixed a large tub outside his shop, to which he has fastened the very striking announcement: "For Men Only. Stand in our Barrel while we Press your Pants for 15 cents."

A novel use of carrots is that of a table decoration. The prosaic carrot is by no means to be despised for decorative purposes, especially when flowers are so scarce and dear. The green part is cut low, and then the carrot is sliced off at about half an inch above the shoots. Afterwards it is planted in small pots of silver sand, and when kept moist a very pretty, fern-like plant shoots up.

Newspapers are very useful in getting rid of moths. Moths detest the smell of printers' ink, so that when woollens are wrapped up, the newspapers form an effective moth preventative; the cheaper the newspaper the better, for the cheap ink is better than the more expensive variety.

Banana skins are coming into great favour at large hotels for cleaning brown boots. A most excellent polish is obtained by the use of the skins. A new use has been discovered for tobacco pouches, which may save many a life when remembered. Most towns have now adopted the overhead electric traction system for the tram-cars. It is no common occurrence for the wires to break, and "live wires" have caused many deaths. The ordinary rubber tobacco-pouch of the crescent-shaped variety forms an admirable non-conductor. If the fingers are placed in one half, and the thumb in the other, the broken wire may be safely handled and placed out of harm's way.

Another valuable hint is that a halfpenny may often act as a life-saver. A halfpenny wrapped in a handkerchief, and bound tightly around the wound, will stop the bleeding in any case of the bursting of a varicose vein. Binding such a place up with rags or a towel is perfectly useless, as the article only soaks up the blood and the bleeding continues. A halfpenny, or even a threepenny bit, put on the wound and bound to it very tightly, will save many a life.

The number of deaths caused by the use of oil lamps is the source of a terrible death-roll. Yet it is stated that if oil lamps are used for lighting purposes there never need be an explosion or an accident of any kind. In order to prevent lamp accidents the whole of the burners used in the lamp should be boiled once a week in weak vinegar.

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS STORY?

From Out the Deep.

. . . By ARTHUR APPLIN. . . .

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

Reginald Iddesleigh, a wealthy young man who has been a lieutenant in the Navy, but, having been injured in a submarine disaster, is invalided out of the service.

Langrish, his superior officer, who lost his life in the same submarine disaster.

Dick and Dolly Langrish, his two children, whom Iddesleigh has adopted.

Folle Farine. A pretty dancing girl of gipsy blood, who marries Iddesleigh.

Mrs. Rich. Iddesleigh's housekeeper.

Osborn. A captain in the Navy, and friend of Iddesleigh's.

Mrs. Cicely Blair. A handsome young widow, to whom Iddesleigh was engaged for a short time.

Traherne. A mysterious wanderer who flits upon the scenes occasionally.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE. — Norway.

THE wind was rising; tiny pellets of snow began to beat against the window. Iddesleigh could hear the growl of the waters of the fiord. Certainly, it was lonely!

Iddesleigh stirred the fire with his foot. A sudden gust of wind whistled round the house, and he heard the trees on the hillside bend before its oncoming. Between the window curtains he could see lights flashing across the sky; they disclosed black clouds.

Folle stirred. "Who is that calling, Guv'nor?"

"No one, sleepy girl; it is the wind."

"I thought it was someone calling me—is there a storm?"

"Yes—the earth-mother is restless."

"I feel restless, too."

"That's because you are a child of the earth."

She shook her head. "I am no one's child, only yours."

"I was wondering what your mother was like, Folle. Was she as beautiful as you?"

"My mother!" Folle sat upright. "I have no mother—why do you speak of my mother? You mustn't talk of her, Guv'nor."

"I won't, if you don't wish it, dear. What is the matter? Lie down again."

"But she was very good." She rested her head on Iddesleigh's shoulder. "You mustn't think that my mother wasn't very good; I know she was—far better than I am. . . . But I can hardly remember now—and my sisters, they are gone and forgotten! I think our family was cursed; but you—you've received the curse, Guv'nor dear."

Iddesleigh started. Langrish's words—his words, spoken as death gripped his throat!

"Guv'nor, I have never told you anything about myself," Folle continued dreamily.

"Why should you, dear?"

"Perhaps you have thought I ought to have——"

"I only want you to tell me what you care to tell."

"Well, I want to tell you—everything. But I have forgotten. . . . Now it all seems to be coming back to me; I will think hard, and remember and tell you. I can't sleep with the storm raging—let us look out of the window. I wish the wind didn't cry and sob so; it is like the cry of a lost soul—of an evil spirit."

They parted the curtains and looked into the night. Only the outline of the fiords, of bending pines and fir trees, of tossing waters. Now and again lights flashed across the horizon.

"There is nothing to be seen," Iddesleigh said. "All the birds and beasts have gone to bed."

"Oh, no, they have not," replied Folle. "They are wandering about in the dark. We can't see them, but they can see us. They come down from the trees and up from the ground, and they crawl through the woods. The storm doesn't frighten them; they howl at it and fight with it!"

"You sound like a little wild thing. But, by Jove! look, there is something crawling along the forest path down below. Do you see it?"

"Yes—I see—something crawling—a wild beast hunting for its prey." She shuddered. "Why don't you get your gun and shoot it?"

"It is too far away. Besides, I don't know what it is."

"It's something horrible. . . . Now it looks almost human. . . . Perhaps it will crawl up here! I wish we had not looked out of the window!"

"Then come away."

"Not yet—I want to watch it. I wonder if it will be beaten by the storm? It moves slowly—but it comes this way. Now it is lost." She moved from the window.

"Come, dear—sing me something!"

"I am not in a singing mood; the storm would drown my voice. We must just sit down and listen to the wind."

He made the fire blaze, and they sat again and listened. The wind increased, the beams and rafters rattled. Iddesleigh pulled at his pipe. Presently Folle said: "I wonder where that crawling thing is now!"

"What crawling thing? Hullo!"

The front door shook violently. Folle started up, and a frightened scream escaped her lips.

"That couldn't have been the wind! Hark!—it is something knocking." She was trembling. "Yes, it is knocking." She caught Iddesleigh by the arm. "Don't let it in—don't let it in!"

"Why, dear? You are frightened. Perhaps some fisherman or traveller has been caught in the storm. I'll go and see."

"No, no, don't go—don't go!" she cried. "You shall *not* go!" She stood before the door trembling; her body was drawn up like an animal waiting to spring, her nostrils and her eyes dilated.

Iddesleigh stared at her in amazement, and as he hesitated the knocking was repeated.

"Folle, you must let me pass," he said quietly. "It is some traveller lost in the storm seeking shelter; let me pass, dear."

"I'm frightened," she cried. "Don't let him in, Guv'nor—don't let him in!"

Even as she spoke they heard Fejen's footsteps cross the hall, they heard him unbolt the door. Iddesleigh gently put Folle aside and strode out.

A furious gust of wind and a cloud of snow dust hurtled through the hall—and a man stumbled forward as Fejen shut and bolted the door again.

"By Jove! that was a near thing," gasped the man, shaking the snow from his coat and cap. "If I hadn't seen your lights——" He looked up and caught Iddesleigh's eye. "The storm is my apology," he laughed.

"There's none needed," Iddesleigh replied slowly. "You were lost—in danger?"

The man nodded. "Yes—in danger . . . but now I'm all right."

Iddesleigh hesitated, his hand on the door of the sitting-room; the stranger's voice was familiar——

"You're an Englishman?" he asked, opening the door very slowly.

"Yes—I've come up here to try and find some sport; I'm hunting——"

The door was wide open now, and he stepped into the room. Folle was crouching beside the fire. As he saw her the man stood still and looked at her with surprise and admiration.

"My wife," Iddesleigh said.

Folle did not move; the man bowed low and stroked his heavy beard.

"Surely we've met before," he said, with a peculiar, laugh.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX. — The Stranger's Story.

FOLLE did not reply, did not speak at all. She crouched nearer the fire, and all her body trembled and all the light and life went out from her eyes.

"Surely we've met before," the man repeated. "You can't have forgotten."

Iddesleigh was staring hard at the man—he did not look at his wife; he pushed a chair before the fire and knocked the great glowing logs of wood into a blaze, and shouted to Fejen to bring the spirit, hot water, and glasses.

"You must be half frozen," he said metallically.

The man took the proffered seat and laughed again—laughed softly now, into his shaggy beard.

"Yes, it was rather a near thing. If I hadn't seen the lights of your house——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

Folle shrank away still closer to the fire, and hid her face with her hands. Iddesleigh's eyes were still on the stranger.

"You haven't told us your name yet," he said quietly. "Did I hear you say that you'd met my wife before? Your voice is familiar to me, strangely familiar, and yet——"

"Perhaps I was mistaken—I thought I had met your wife before, but perhaps I was mistaken. But I've met you before—not so many years ago! It's strange how quickly one is forgotten."

Iddesleigh frowned and turned away, turned towards Folle; and for the first time he noticed her strange attitude. In the dull, flickering light she seemed like a frightened animal trying to escape, but hemmed in—caught between the four walls of the old farm kitchen.

"What's the matter, dear—are you cold?" he asked gently, bending over her protectingly.

"Yes—yes—so cold," she whispered.

"Why, you are trembling," he cried, putting his arms around her. "Come, you must go to bed—I am sure Mr.——" He hesitated and looked again at the stranger. And this time there was a challenge in his eyes.

"My name is Traherne—Frederic Traherne! *Now* do you remember me?"

Folle rose to her feet with a startled cry, instantly suppressed. She clung tightly to her husband.

"The man we saw at Lustleigh—the man who has always followed us, dogged our footsteps," she whispered. "Oh, Guv'nor—be careful—I'm afraid."

Iddesleigh still kept his eyes on Traherne, and there was still a challenge in them.

"Yes, I remember your name, but I don't remember having met you before." He turned to go. "Come, if Mr. Traherne will excuse me for a minute, I'll see you to your room, Folle; Fejen shall light the stove for you."

"I think you knew a very old friend of mine," Traherne continued; "he lost his life a year and more ago—Paul Langrish, poor old Paul Langrish——"

"Yes, I remember Langrish," Iddesleigh said. He had reached the door now, and Folle pulled him through.

"Come, come quickly!" she cried.

He carried her to their bedroom.

"What a frightened little gipsy Folle has become," he laughed indulgently. "What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know, I don't know—but I am afraid, terribly afraid. . . . That man frightens me—his eyes—did you see his eyes?"

"I can't say I noticed them; he didn't interest me enough. He merely struck me as a great ungainly fellow, all great-coat and great beard; the poor brute is half frozen—we're very poor hosts, Folle."

"Don't go back—you won't go back to the kitchen and sit there alone with him?"

"Why, of course, dear." He disengaged her arms from around his neck. "Come, you must undress and get to bed quickly—I'll light the stove for you. There, that's better—you'll soon feel as warm as a little dicky bird in his nest. Now, put away all foolish fears and fancies. Norway has got on your nerves—just fancy a gipsy having nerves," he laughed.

But Folle refused to be comforted; she still trembled, and it was not the cold that made her body shake like the trees bending before the storm outside.

The wind had risen to a gale. Now it shrieked from the mountains and moaned through the pine-woods and lashed the waters of the lake until they rode famous races on wild white horses from shore to shore, leaping rocks and islets and threatening the black clouds that swooped towards them.

"He said that he was a friend of—of Paul Langrish's," Folle whispered, as Iddesleigh covered her bed with rugs and his fur coat. "Perhaps he has come to steal me away from you, to set your heart—poison your mind, against me."

"Could anyone do that, Folle? Could any power on earth do that?" he said seriously.

"No—but he—Langrish knew the secret that my family was cursed with; it was no human curse—it was something horrible, unhuman. Perhaps this man knows it, perhaps he has come to—destroy me, come from the dead. . . ."

"My child, my child," Iddesleigh cried, "what wild, foolish fancies Norway has conjured up in your little excitable brain! You *must* dismiss them instantly, and to-morrow we will leave this place, I promise you. We will leave Norway and go home—home to Devonshire, the children, and Aunt Letitia. You will feel safe and happy there."

"He will pursue us, even as he has pursued us here."

Iddesleigh kissed her.

"I don't think so, dear. Now try and go to sleep and forget your foolish fancies; I shan't be long."

"You are going back to the kitchen, you are going to talk to him?"

"Yes, of course, for a little while—but I shan't be long."

"No, don't leave me long, Guv'nor. Hark at the pine trees creaking and moaning—it sounds like the howling of wolves. . . . Guv'nor, you won't let him set you against me, you won't believe him if he tells you that I—that I——"

Iddesleigh laughed reassuringly and patted Folle's cheek.

"If he says a word against my wife I shall break his head—so there!"

"Don't forget, he was Paul Langrish's friend; he comes from Paul Langrish—bringing a message from the dead!"

A shadow flitted across Iddesleigh's face; he turned away so that Folle should not see it.

"Good-night, dear," he said; "I shan't be long."

"I shall not sleep until you return," she whispered.

Fejen had brought glasses, a jug of boiling water, and a decanter of spirit into the kitchen. Traherne had already helped himself and was sipping a glass of steaming liquor, his legs stretched out on either side of the fire, his eyes, half closed, staring dreamily into the golden embers.

"You're jolly lucky to have a decent open fire like this," he said, turning to Iddesleigh. "I didn't think there was such a thing to be found up here."

"An Englishman built this cottage," Iddesleigh replied shortly. "I see you've helped yourself—that's right."

"Your servant mixed my drink for me—mixed it jolly well, too."

There was silence for a while; only the storm spoke. It seemed to Iddesleigh to be saying many strange things, whispering weird stories, horrible suggestions. Every now and then the snow rattled against the windows—tiny hard pellets of snow that was a warning of the intense outer cold.

"Cheerful night," Traherne grunted.

"Yes—if you hadn't fetched-up here . . ."

"I'd have pegged out! Exactly—but I've cultivated a habit of cheating death at the last moment! He's always coming up against me, is Death, but just when he's got his fingers round my throat I manage to give him a knock-out blow.'

He laughed cheerfully, and asked permission to fill a pipe. Iddesleigh pushed a jar of tobacco towards him.

"Aren't you afraid of boasting?"

"No, for I'm a firm believer in fate; fate governs all our lives—everything is pre-arranged, pre-destined. I know it."

"And you think that fate brought you here," Iddesleigh said carelessly.

Traherne was silent a moment.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I do."

"With what object?"

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

Again a long pause. The wind shrieked madly, and the snow rattled her fingers against the window.

"Well, I wanted to see you, I wanted to have a chat with you——"

"So you followed me here, followed me here from England! I don't call that fate."

"What makes you think that I followed you?" Traherne glanced suspiciously at Iddesleigh; the latter's voice was very calm and cool, almost expressionless. But his eyes were hard, steely, determined.

"I think you followed me because—I know you were looking for me and following me before I left England."

"Yes—that's true; I *was* looking for you in England. I wanted to see you, but I always just missed you——"

"On purpose," Iddesleigh declared gravely.

Traherne looked surprised—unpleasantly surprised.

"Perhaps the time hadn't come."

Again Iddesleigh interrupted. He had made up his mind suddenly, instinctively, about Fred Traherne. Whether he had met him before he was not certain; he thought that he probably had, because the man's voice was now and again so familiar. But, though he had laughed at Folle's fears, he trusted the instinct that set her against the stranger.

And he felt sure that this great burly brute could have only one object in having followed them, tracked them down to the lonely farm in Norway—blackmail.

What form it would take Iddesleigh was ignorant; but if Traherne had really been a friend of Paul Langrish's, if he had known the secret of the dead man's early life and marriage, he knew it would be aimed at Folle or Iddesleigh's foster-children, perhaps at both.

Fred Traherne wanted money; he knew the risk and danger of attempting to obtain it by foul means in England—but here in the wilds he saw no danger, and if his victims were to be terrorised, they would be more easily terrorised here.

"Hadn't you better come to the point?" Iddesleigh said curtly; "hadn't you better say exactly what you really want?"

"What I want? My dear chap, I want the same as you—I came up here in search of game—big game; I came to hunt—to hunt the wild things of the woods; it's only up here that you can track 'em down. Incidentally I want to see you to talk about my old friend; I was abroad when he died, but the last time I saw him he told me the history of his life, a very sad life. He married unhappily—but Langrish was a brave man; he told me that he hoped to marry again!"

Traherne paused, as if expecting a remark from Iddesleigh, but when none came he calmly refilled his pipe and lit it.

"The woman he married treated him badly—she was a Scandinavian, by the way—and after three or four years she left him, disappeared. People hereabouts said—but you know the mad superstitions of the Norwegians? No matter what they said."

"On the contrary, you interest me deeply," Iddesleigh said coldly. "But what had the people here to do with Langrish or his wife?"

"His wife's family lived here, that's all; there was a curse on the family, the Curse of Skin-changing, or Werewolves!"

Traherne laughed uproariously and puffed volumes of blue smoke towards the ceiling. Iddesleigh winced, and bent over the fire so that his face was hidden.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" Traherne laughed. "And the strangest thing is that at length poor old Langrish began to believe these stories, to believe in the curse, the superstition—everything!"

Again the man roared with laughter, and Iddesleigh moved impatiently.

"Forgive me, but it is funny; Langrish of all men—he was so very human, wasn't he? Of the earth earthy——"

"Langrish is dead," Iddesleigh said quietly.

"Yes, he's dead now—I suppose that's a hint that I should let dead dogs rest, eh? Well, that brings me to the point of my story and the reason I wanted to see you. I've got an idea that Langrish is *not* at rest——"

Iddesleigh turned towards the speaker sharply, fixed him with his gaze.

"What d'you mean?"

Traherne darted a look at Iddesleigh, and an expression of satisfaction leapt to his eyes.

"Didn't Langrish tell you the story of his life before he died? Didn't he ask you to—to do one or two little things for him? That's all I want to know; you see, I was his best friend. All his secrets he confided to me; I was more than a brother to him. But for a year or two before he died I lost sight of him. When I returned to England and heard how suddenly and terribly he died I made inquiries, and I discovered that you were with him at the last."

"Yes, that's true—it was a toss-up which of us lived," Iddesleigh said slowly.

"And you won the toss?"

"Yes——"

"It was all fair and square, I suppose?"

Iddesleigh looked at Traherne.

"Excuse the question, no offence—I'm only a rough man, you know. Well, I suppose he confided in you before his death—when a man dies suddenly his house often wants putting in order, as the saying goes. Langrish was a careless sort of beggar, and I'm sure he left *his* house pretty well upside down, so to speak."

"He did!"

Slowly, very slowly, Iddesleigh began to feel less resentful, less distrustful, of Fred Traherne. As he had said, he was only a rough seafaring man, a big hulking brute; but perhaps a brute with a rudimentary conscience and a perverted sense of duty, and a desire to do justice to his dead friend.

"Yes," Traherne continued, thoughtfully sucking his pipe. "Now there were two children—I saw one of 'em, the boy, at Dartmouth. You seem to have done the square thing by them!"

"They have a comfortable home; they will want for nothing in this world."

"Good." Traherne nodded his shaggy head. "But the boy Dick, somehow it didn't seem as if he cared much for his father's memory; it seemed to me as if someone had sort of set the lad's heart against the dead man."

"Langrish neglected his children; he never cared for them, they hardly knew him, and he left them penniless."

"Oh!" Traherne chuckled. "Perhaps you think it was a good thing that he died when he did, eh?"

"Perhaps it was, for the children! I tell you frankly, Mr. Traherne, that though in the ordinary sense of the word I called myself his friend, I did not know Paul Langrish until he was dead, and, though I hate saying a word against those who are not here to defend themselves——"

"Go ahead—don't mind me; I knew Paul well, being his best friend. *I'll* defend him if need be!"

"Well—since his death I've altered my opinion about him; facts have come to my knowledge that point to his having lived a thoroughly selfish life, a life wherein duty and honour played a very small part."

"You mean the kids weren't happy?"

"No one was happy whose life he crossed."

"Oh!"

Once again Traherne knocked out his pipe, refilled and lit it. The storm seemed to have reached its height now; the old farm shook and rattled and groaned, the doors creaked dismally, the wind groaned and crooned through the passages and across the rooms, and outside it shrieked wildly and exultingly.

Fred Traherne rose and walked to the window and pulled back the shutters and looked out.

"Can't see anything," he muttered, "not a blessed thing—yes, that white stuff—that's the fiord. By Jove! what a night—this'll fetch the deer down from the hills and the wolves out of the forests. We may get a shot at something to-morrow."

"Are there wolves hereabouts?" Iddesleigh asked; he was thinking hard—he only spoke so that he might continue to think uninterruptedly.

"Didn't I tell you that Langrish's wife's family lived hereabouts?" Traherne laughed.

"What's that got to do——" Iddesleigh laughed. And suddenly his laughter died away and his face grew pale.

Again his thoughts were busy—busy with events of years ago, busy with events that happened far away beneath the sea—trying to recall the wild words of a man doomed to die.

What had Langrish said about skin-changers, werewolves? What had he said about his wife—and the woman he had hoped to marry, *the woman Iddesleigh had married?*"

The woman asleep in the old farm bedroom not fifteen yards away?

What had he said? What had he told him?

Fairy tales, legends, lies!

Iddesleigh set his teeth and turned up the wick of the oil lamp; the big kitchen was in semi-darkness. The firelight cast strange, ridiculous shadows; the wind made eerie noises, imitating voices of wild things and spirit-things; the snow tapped against the windows like the tapping of a myriad spirit hands——

Iddesleigh walked impatiently to and fro before the fire, and swore under his breath.

He was allowing the foolish fancies and superstitions of the country to get hold of him; at home he would have laughed at himself and despised himself for giving them a second thought. But here, here up among the ghostly hills and forests, away from humanity, it was different. The very air was charged with superstition, full of fantastic thoughts and strange stories; the pine trees whispered them, the wind shrieked them aloud, the waters of the fiord mumbled them fearfully.

Even in the glare of daylight, beneath the bright sun, whilst shooting or fishing with Fejen, Iddesleigh had felt the power of the Unknown. It was a country of strange things, strange people. Nothing was impossible. . . .

Traherne's deep grating voice broke on his thoughts, interrupting them, yet carrying them on.

"I felt poor old Langrish wasn't resting," he repeated. "And I remembered a promise I made him—made in a moment of madness maybe, I can't remember clearly; we were both heavy drinkers, I'll confess! But I promised him if ever he died before his time that I'd come up here and find the woman, or the woman's family, that had ruined his life and——"

"Go on."

"And claim his revenge for him."

"What ridiculous nonsense!" Iddesleigh forced the words from his lips, but they fell like dead, lifeless things, spoken without meaning, without strength—or belief.

"Hark!" Traherne cried. "Listen to the wind! This is the sort of night when the dead awake and come back to life——"

"Stop this foolery," Iddesleigh whispered. "If you've anything else to say, any questions to ask about the—about Langrish, ask me them quickly. . . . . I'm tired, it's growing late, and time to turn in."

"I thought perhaps you'd know something about the woman's family."

Traherne had returned to the fireplace now, and was standing with his back to the flames, facing Iddesleigh; his own face was in the shadows, whilst the firelight flickered across Iddesleigh's.

"What woman?"

The momentary feeling of faith in the stranger left Iddesleigh, and distrust, bordering on fear, again took its place.

"Langrish's first wife—Marah."

"What should I know about her? I never saw her; she died some years ago."

"She disappeared," Traherne correctly gravely. "Or, if she died, her mother still lives, still haunts these desolate wilds, these horrible forests, carrying out the curse of the family, the curse of skin-changers."

Iddesleigh forced a laugh, a hollow, mirthless laugh that the wind mocked.

"Ask your servant Fejen—ask him if there are any were wolves existing hereabouts——"

"I fail to see what this has got to do with me," Iddesleigh said coldly.

Traherne stroked his great beard.

"I'm sorry if I bore you; I'll be brief. The last time I saw poor old Langrish he'd fallen in love with a remarkable woman—by the way, he introduced me to her. Who she was, where she came from, he confessed he didn't know. No one knew, but—but he thought, he feared that she was the sister of his former wife."

"Marah's sister."

The words fell from Iddesleigh's lips before he could stop them.

"So you *do* know!"

"I remembered just at that moment—Langrish mentioned her name—before he died . . . some foolish garbled story."

"The same story," Traherne said impressively. "The same dreadful curse! You've heard of creatures called vampires, eh? I suppose you'll acknowledge they *did* really exist; there are proofs of such creatures' existence in the Middle Ages. Were-wolves are far worse than vampires; they are never satisfied—they go a-hungering for love, destroying men's lives, working misery and shame and sorrow on all who cross their path . . . and in human shape they always are beautiful, infernally beautiful. . . . Such a one was Marah's mother—such a one will her sister be, and it was Langrish's firm conviction that after death he would still be pursued and haunted; they cursed his life on earth, perhaps even in death he is still cursed . . . given no rest or peace . . . only the spilling of blood. . . ."

"Stop, stop, for God's sake!" Iddesleigh cried. He buried his face in his hands. Through the storm he heard the beat and throb of the engines of a sunken submarine—he heard the beating of his heart—and another; he heard the rattle of Langrish's voice as Death caught him by the throat. And he heard him cursing Death that cheated him of love—or was it revenge?—of the woman Iddesleigh had won! . . .

His voice, the voice of Langrish—it came borne on the wind and the whispering snow flakes; it crept with the wind through the chinks of the door and moaned and chuckled across the dusky room. . . . "I shall return one day. Death's only a change—I'll cheat them yet—and you, too—you and your dreams. . . ."

Yes; he remembered at last, remembered exactly what had passed between him and Paul Langrish at the bottom of the sea, remembered after many months!

The confession, the promise, the curse!

A dead man's curse!

He tried to laugh aloud again, but now not even the semblance of a laugh fell from his lips. He tried to argue and reason with himself, with his thoughts and fears. Superstitious foolery! Cheap, melodramatic nonsense! Fairy tales. . . .

It was no good.

The hour, the storm, the place—all were against him. And the ungainly figure of the stranger Traherne, the seafaring man—the hunter.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Mr. Iddesleigh," Traherne said gravely. "But you're very tired; forgive me for keeping you up so long. Perhaps to-morrow we can resume our conversation—with your permission, I'll make myself a bed beside the fire—I know the accommodation of these farms!"

"I'm afraid I can't offer you a room," Iddesleigh replied. "Still, Fejen shall make you thoroughly comfortable here, I promise you." He hesitated a moment, as if weighing something in his mind. "But wouldn't it be more satisfactory if we were to finish our conversation to-night—here and now? To-morrow you will be going your way, we shall be going ours."

"You are leaving, then?" Traherne said, and Iddesleigh wondered if it was imagination that made him detect a sneer in his voice.

"*You* will be leaving," Iddesleigh corrected.

Traherne shook his head.

"*I* think not."

Iddesleigh's jaws snapped, but he controlled himself and said nothing. He waited for the other to continue—to explain!

Traherne walked to the window, drew back the curtain, threw open the window, and peered out. The wind shrieked into the room with a cry of fury, upsetting chairs and throwing down rods and guns; the crisp snow circled round and round, spitting into Traherne's face, clinging to his long hair and beard.

"Come here," he cried loudly, and Iddesleigh came to his side. "Look out," he commanded. "Your eyes will get used to the darkness; look at the sky—there's enough snow up there to half bury the farm; look at the hills, look beneath the snow—there's enough snow there to half bury one of us."

He closed the window with a bang and shook the snow from his broad shoulders and brushed it from his tangled beard.

"No," he continued, with that deep, queer laugh of his; "no, I don't think the storm will let either of us, any of us, leave to-morrow—or the next day! We're caught,

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trapped up here by the storm, and here we shall have to remain!"

Iddesleigh turned away and walked to the fire and bent over it; the icy wind had frozen his hands.

"You've talked a great deal, Mr. Traherne," he said, "but you haven't told me exactly what you want of me. Hadn't you better tell me that at once, in half a dozen words? It may save you unpleasantness, perhaps disappointment, afterwards."

Fred Traherne also stood by the fire and warmed his hands.

"I want," he said brusquely, "I want you to help me find the relatives of Paul Langrish's wife, if any still exist; and the reasons I came to you for help are, firstly, that you were Langrish's friend and were with him when he died, therefore I presume he gave you his last wishes and instructions; and, secondly, because——"

"Well——"

"Because I believe that you married the woman Langrish hoped to make his wife if he had lived. Did you?"

"I fail to see what that has to do with you," Iddesleigh said curtly. "And I must refuse to answer."

Traherne shrugged his shoulders.

"It affects you more than it does me, certainly," he said, dropping his voice. "For if you did marry that particular woman—you married the sister of Langrish's dead wife! You married——"

He stopped short, and for the very first time raised his eyes and looked Iddesleigh straight in the face.

(Another long instalment next week.)

ILLUSTRATING A PHRASE.

WIFE: "What is meant, John, by the phrase 'carrying coals to Newcastle'?"

Husband: "It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary."

Wife: "I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one."

Husband: "Well, if I were to bring you home a book entitled 'How to Talk,' that would be carrying coals to Newcastle!"

TED: "Is Sawyer a clever doctor?"

Ned: "Oh, very! He can tell a woman patient she needs to take beauty exercises without offending her."

FIRST DOCTOR: "I've made a mistake and left old Richly the wrong prescription."

Second Doctor: "Is it serious?"

First Doctor: "Very! Why, that medicine will cure him in less than a week."

"WELL, Jones is certainly a patient man, with a temper hard to ruffle."

"Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wall-paper, and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."

"MEN of my profession are very good story-tellers," remarked the barber.

"Yes," assented the smarting sufferer in the chair, "and they usually illustrate their stories with cuts."

"WELL," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters."

"Yes," chimed in Crags, "I have a dog like that myself."

And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.

MOTHER: "Your schoolmaster can't be such a mean man as you make out. I notice his son has all the toys he can possibly want."

Bobby: "Why, those are what his father takes away from the other boys!"

HER CRITICISM.

A MINISTER newly appointed to a church in the South of Scotland asked an old lady how she liked his preaching.

"I don't like it at all," she answered.

"And pray, why not?" he asked.

"Well, in the first place," she answered, "ye read your sermon; an' in the second place, you didn't read it weel; an' in the third place, it wasn't worth the reading."

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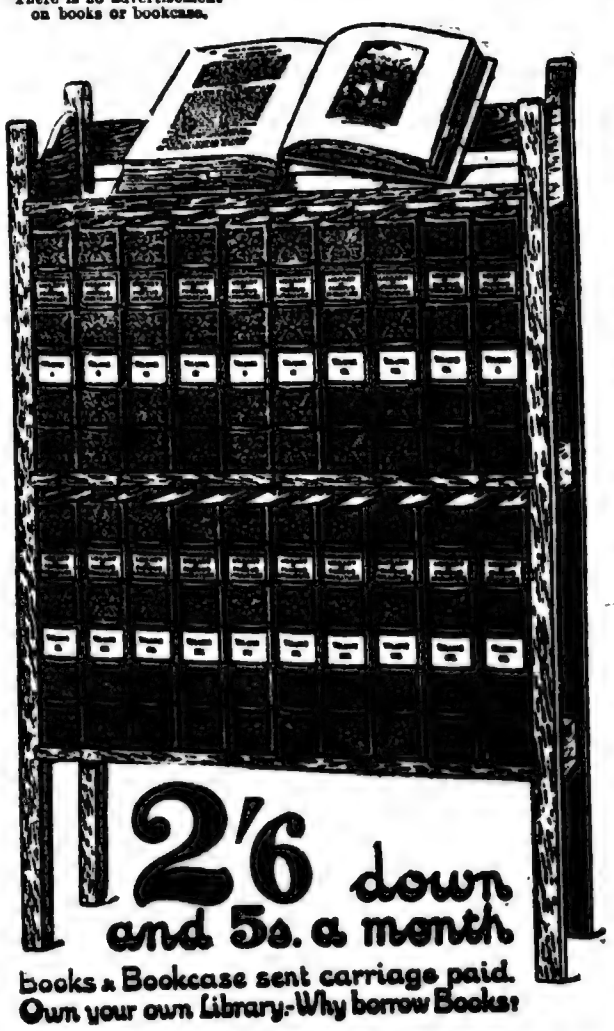

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TEAR OR CUT OFF ALONG THIS LINE

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Again a long pause. The wind shrieked madly, and the snow rattled her fingers against the window.

"Well, I wanted to see you, I wanted to have a chat with you——"

"So you followed me here, followed me here from England! I don't call that fate."

"What makes you think that I followed you?" Traherne glanced suspiciously at Iddesleigh; the latter's voice was very calm and cool, almost expressionless. But his eyes were hard, steely, determined.

"I think you followed me because—I know you were looking for me and following me before I left England."

"Yes—that's true; I *was* looking for you in England. I wanted to see you, but I always just missed you——"

"On purpose," Iddesleigh declared gravely.

Traherne looked surprised—unpleasantly surprised.

"Perhaps the time hadn't come."

Again Iddesleigh interrupted. He had made up his mind suddenly, instinctively, about Fred Traherne. Whether he had met him before he was not certain; he thought that he probably had, because the man's voice was now and again so familiar. But, though he had laughed at Folle's fears, he trusted the instinct that set her against the stranger.

And he felt sure that this great burly brute could have only one object in having followed them, tracked them down to the lonely farm in Norway—blackmail.

What form it would take Iddesleigh was ignorant; but if Traherne had really been a friend of Paul Langrish's, if he had known the secret of the dead man's early life and marriage, he knew it would be aimed at Folle or Iddesleigh's foster-children, perhaps at both.

Fred Traherne wanted money; he knew the risk and danger of attempting to obtain it by foul means in England—but here in the wilds he saw no danger, and if his victims were to be terrorised, they would be more easily terrorised here.

"Hadn't you better come to the point?" Iddesleigh said curtly; "hadn't you better say exactly what you really want?"

"What I want? My dear chap, I want the same as you—I came up here in search of game—big game; I came to hunt—to hunt the wild things of the woods; it's only up here that you can track 'em down. Incidentally I want to see you to talk about my old friend; I was abroad when he died, but the last time I saw him he told me the history of his life, a very sad life. He married unhappily—but Langrish was a brave man; he told me that he hoped to marry again!"

Traherne paused, as if expecting a remark from Iddesleigh, but when none came he calmly refilled his pipe and lit it.

"The woman he married treated him badly—she was a Scandinavian, by the way—and after three or four years she left him, disappeared. People hereabouts said—but you know the mad superstitions of the Norwegians? No matter what they said."

"On the contrary, you interest me deeply," Iddesleigh said coldly. "But what had the people here to do with Langrish or his wife?"

"His wife's family lived here, that's all; there was a curse on the family, the Curse of Skin-changing, or Were-wolves!"

Traherne laughed uproariously and puffed volumes of blue smoke towards the ceiling. Iddesleigh winced, and bent over the fire so that his face was hidden.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" Traherne laughed. "And the strangest thing is that at length poor old Langrish began to believe these stories, to believe in the curse, the superstition—everything!"

Again the man roared with laughter, and Iddesleigh moved impatiently.

"Forgive me, but it is funny; Langrish of all men—he was so very human, wasn't he? Of the earth earthy——"

"Langrish is dead," Iddesleigh said quietly.

"Yes, he's dead now—I suppose that's a hint that I should let dead dogs rest, eh? Well, that brings me to the point of my story and the reason I wanted to see you. I've got an idea that Langrish is *not* at rest——"

Iddesleigh turned towards the speaker sharply, fixed him with his gaze.

"What d'you mean?"

Traherne darted a look at Iddesleigh, and an expression of satisfaction leapt to his eyes.

"Didn't Langrish tell you the story of his life before he died? Didn't he ask you to—to do one or two little things for him? That's all I want to know; you see, I was his best friend. All his secrets he confided to me; I was more than a brother to him. But for a year or two before he died I lost sight of him. When I returned to England and heard how suddenly and terribly he died I made inquiries, and I discovered that you were with him at the last."

"Yes, that's true—it was a toss-up which of us lived," Iddesleigh said slowly.

"And you won the toss?"

"Yes——"

"It was all fair and square, I suppose?"

Iddesleigh looked at Traherne.

"Excuse the question, no offence—I'm only a rough man, you know. Well, I suppose he confided in you before his death—when a man dies suddenly his house often wants putting in order, as the saying goes. Langrish was a careless sort of beggar, and I'm sure he left *his* house pretty well upside down, so to speak."

"He did!"

Slowly, very slowly, Iddesleigh began to feel less resentful, less distrustful, of Fred Traherne. As he had said, he was only a rough seafaring man, a big hulking brute; but perhaps a brute with a rudimentary conscience and a perverted sense of duty, and a desire to do justice to his dead friend.

"Yes," Traherne continued, thoughtfully sucking his pipe. "Now there were two children—I saw one of 'em, the boy, at Dartmouth. You seem to have done the square thing by them!"

"They have a comfortable home; they will want for nothing in this world."

"Good." Traherne nodded his shaggy head. "But the boy Dick, somehow it didn't seem as if he cared much for his father's memory; it seemed to me as if someone had sort of set the lad's heart against the dead man."

"Langrish neglected his children; he never cared for them, they hardly knew him, and he left them penniless."

"Oh!" Traherne chuckled. "Perhaps you think it was a good thing that he died when he did, eh?"

"Perhaps it was, for the children! I tell you frankly, Mr. Traherne, that though in the ordinary sense of the word I called myself his friend, I did not know Paul Langrish until he was dead, and, though I hate saying a word against those who are not here to defend themselves——"

"Go ahead—don't mind me; I knew Paul well, being his best friend. *I'll* defend him if need be!"

"Well—since his death I've altered my opinion about him; facts have come to my knowledge that point to his having lived a thoroughly selfish life, a life wherein duty and honour played a very small part."

"You mean the kids weren't happy?"

"No one was happy whose life he crossed."

"Oh!"

Once again Traherne knocked out his pipe, refilled and lit it. The storm seemed to have reached its height now; the old farm shook and rattled and groaned, the doors creaked dismally, the wind groaned and crooned through the passages and across the rooms, and outside it shrieked wildly and exultingly.

Fred Traherne rose and walked to the window and pulled back the shutters and looked out.

"Can't see anything," he muttered, "not a blessed thing—yes, that white stuff—that's the fiord. By Jove! what a night—this'll fetch the deer down from the hills and the wolves out of the forests. We may get a shot at something to-morrow."

"Are there wolves hereabouts?" Iddesleigh asked; he was thinking hard—he only spoke so that he might continue to think uninterruptedly.

"Didn't I tell you that Langrish's wife's family lived hereabouts?" Traherne laughed.

"What's that got to do——" Iddesleigh laughed. And suddenly his laughter died away and his face grew pale.

Again his thoughts were busy—busy with events of years ago, busy with events that happened far away beneath the sea—trying to recall the wild words of a man doomed to die.

What had Langrish said about skin-changers, were-wolves? What had he said about his wife—and the woman he had hoped to marry, *the woman Iddesleigh had married?*"

The woman asleep in the old farm bedroom not fifteen yards away?

What had he said? What had he told him?

Fairy tales, legends, lies!

Iddesleigh set his teeth and turned up the wick of the oil lamp; the big kitchen was in semi-darkness. The fire-light cast strange, ridiculous shadows; the wind made eerie noises, imitating voices of wild things and spirit-things; the snow tapped against the windows like the tapping of a myriad spirit hands——

Iddesleigh walked impatiently to and fro before the fire, and swore under his breath.

He was allowing the foolish fancies and superstitions of the country to get hold of him; at home he would have laughed at himself and despised himself for giving them a second thought. But here, here up among the ghostly hills and forests, away from humanity, it was different. The very air was charged with superstition, full of fantastic thoughts and strange stories; the pine trees whispered them, the wind shrieked them aloud, the waters of the fiord mumbled them fearfully.

Even in the glare of daylight, beneath the bright sun, whilst shooting or fishing with Fejen, Iddesleigh had felt the power of the Unknown. It was a country of strange things, strange people. Nothing was impossible. . . .

Traherne's deep grating voice broke on his thoughts, interrupting them, yet carrying them on.

"I felt poor old Langrish wasn't resting," he repeated. "And I remembered a promise I made him—made in a moment of madness maybe, I can't remember clearly; we were both heavy drinkers, I'll confess! But I promised him if ever he died before his time that I'd come up here and find the woman, or the woman's family, that had ruined his life and——"

"Go on."

"And claim his revenge for him."

"What ridiculous nonsense!" Iddesleigh forced the words from his lips, but they fell like dead, lifeless things, spoken without meaning, without strength—or belief.

"Hark!" Traherne cried. "Listen to the wind! This is the sort of night when the dead awake and come back to life——"

"Stop this foolery," Iddesleigh whispered. "If you've anything else to say, any questions to ask about the—about Langrish, ask me them quickly. . . . I'm tired, it's growing late, and time to turn in."

"I thought perhaps you'd know something about the woman's family."

Traherne had returned to the fireplace now, and was standing with his back to the flames, facing Iddesleigh; his own face was in the shadows, whilst the firelight flickered across Iddesleigh's.

"What woman?"

The momentary feeling of faith in the stranger left Iddesleigh, and distrust, bordering on fear, again took its place.

"Langrish's first wife—Marah."

"What should I know about her? I never saw her; she died some years ago."

"She disappeared," Traherne correctly gravely. "Or, if she died, her mother still lives, still haunts these desolate wilds, these horrible forests, carrying out the curse of the family, the curse of skin-changers."

Iddesleigh forced a laugh, a hollow, mirthless laugh that the wind mocked.

"Ask your servant Fejen—ask him if there are any were-wolves existing hereabouts——"

"I fail to see what this has got to do with me," Iddesleigh said coldly.

Traherne stroked his great beard.

"I'm sorry if I bore you; I'll be brief. The last time I saw poor old Langrish he'd fallen in love with a remarkable woman—by the way, he introduced me to her. Who she was, where she came from, he confessed he didn't know. No one knew, but—but he thought, he feared that she was the sister of his former wife."

"Marah's sister."

The words fell from Iddesleigh's lips before he could stop them.

"So you *do* know?"

"I remembered just at that moment—Langrish mentioned her name—before he died . . . some foolish garbled story."

"The same story," Traherne said impressively. "The same dreadful curse! You've heard of creatures called vampires, eh? I suppose you'll acknowledge they *did* really exist; there are proofs of such creatures' existence in the Middle Ages. Were-wolves are far worse than vampires; they are never satisfied—they go a-hungering for love, destroying men's lives, working misery and shame and sorrow on all who cross their path . . . and in human shape they always are beautiful, infernally beautiful. . . . Such a one was Marah's mother—such a one will her sister be, and it was Langrish's firm conviction that after death he would still be pursued and haunted; they cursed his life on earth, perhaps even in death he is still cursed . . . given no rest or peace . . . only the spilling of blood. . . ."

"Stop, stop, for God's sake!" Iddesleigh cried. He buried his face in his hands. Through the storm he heard the beat and throb of the engines of a sunken submarine—he heard the beating of his heart—and another; he heard the rattle of Langrish's voice as Death caught him by the throat. And he heard him cursing Death that cheated him of love—or was it revenge?—of the woman Iddesleigh had won! . . .

His voice, the voice of Langrish—it came borne on the wind and the whispering snow flakes; it crept with the wind through the chinks of the door and moaned and chuckled across the dusky room. . . . "I shall return one day. Death's only a change—I'll cheat them yet—and you, too—you and your dreams. . . ."

Yes; he remembered at last, remembered exactly what had passed between him and Paul Langrish at the bottom of the sea, remembered after many months!

The confession, the promise, the curse!

A dead man's curse!

He tried to laugh aloud again, but now not even the semblance of a laugh fell from his lips. He tried to argue and reason with himself, with his thoughts and fears. Superstitious foolery! Cheap, melodramatic nonsense! Fairy tales. . . .

It was no good.

The hour, the storm, the place—all were against him. And the ungainly figure of the stranger Traherne, the sea-faring man—the hunter.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Mr. Iddesleigh," Traherne said gravely. "But you're very tired; forgive me for keeping you up so long. Perhaps to-morrow we can resume our conversation—with your permission, I'll make myself a bed beside the fire—I know the accommodation of these farms!"

"I'm afraid I can't offer you a room," Iddesleigh replied. "Still, Fejen shall make you thoroughly comfortable here, I promise you." He hesitated a moment, as if weighing something in his mind. "But wouldn't it be more satisfactory if we were to finish our conversation to-night—here and now? To-morrow you will be going your way, we shall be going ours."

"You are leaving, then?" Traherne said, and Iddesleigh wondered if it was imagination that made him detect a sneer in his voice.

"*You* will be leaving," Iddesleigh corrected.

Traherne shook his head.

"*I* think not."

Iddesleigh's jaws snapped, but he controlled himself and said nothing. He waited for the other to continue—to explain!

Traherne walked to the window, drew back the curtain, threw open the window, and peered out. The wind shrieked into the room with a cry of fury, upsetting chairs and throwing down rods and guns; the crisp snow circled round and round, spitting into Traherne's face, clinging to his long hair and beard.

"Come here," he cried loudly, and Iddesleigh came to his side. "Look out," he commanded. "Your eyes will get used to the darkness; look at the sky—there's enough snow up there to half bury the farm; look at the hills, look beneath the snow—there's enough snow there to half bury one of us."

He closed the window with a bang and shook the snow from his broad shoulders and brushed it from his tangled beard.

"No," he continued, with that deep, queer laugh of his; "no, I don't think the storm will let either of us, any of us, leave to-morrow—or the next day! We're caught,

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trapped up here by the storm, and here we shall have to remain!"

Iddesleigh turned away and walked to the fire and bent over it; the icy wind had frozen his hands.

"You've talked a great deal, Mr. Traherne," he said, "but you haven't told me exactly what you want of me. Hadn't you better tell me that at once, in half a dozen words? It may save you unpleasantness, perhaps disappointment, afterwards."

Fred Traherne also stood by the fire and warmed his hands.

"I want," he said brusquely, "I want you to help me find the relatives of Paul Langrish's wife, if any still exist; and the reasons I came to you for help are, firstly, that you were Langrish's friend and were with him when he died, therefore I presume he gave you his last wishes and instructions; and, secondly, because——"

"Well——"

"Because I believe that you married the woman Langrish hoped to make his wife if he had lived. Did you?"

"I fail to see what that has to do with you," Iddesleigh said curtly. "And I must refuse to answer."

Traherne shrugged his shoulders.

"It affects you more than it does me, certainly," he said, dropping his voice. "For if you did marry that particular woman—you married the sister of Langrish's dead wife! You married——"

He stopped short, and for the very first time raised his eyes and looked Iddesleigh straight in the face.

(Another long instalment next week.)

ILLUSTRATING A PHRASE.

WIFE: "What is meant, John, by the phrase 'carrying coals to Newcastle'?"

Husband: "It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary."

Wife: "I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one."

Husband: "Well, if I were to bring you home a book entitled 'How to Talk,' that would be carrying coals to Newcastle!"

TED: "Is Sawyer a clever doctor?"

Ned: "Oh, very! He can tell a woman patient she needs to take beauty exercises without offending her."

FIRST DOCTOR: "I've made a mistake and left old Richly the wrong prescription."

Second Doctor: "Is it serious?"

First Doctor: "Very! Why, that medicine will cure him in less than a week."

"WELL, Jones is certainly a patient man, with a temper hard to ruffle."

"Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wall-paper, and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."

"MEN of my profession are very good story-tellers," remarked the barber.

"Yes," assented the smarting sufferer in the chair, "and they usually illustrate their stories with cuts."

"WELL," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters."

"Yes," chimed in Crags, "I have a dog like that myself."

And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.

MOTHER: "Your schoolmaster can't be such a mean man as you make out. I notice his son has all the toys he can possibly want."

Bobby: "Why, those are what his father takes away from the other boys!"

HER CRITICISM.

A MINISTER newly appointed to a church in the South of Scotland asked an old lady how she liked his preaching.

"I don't like it at all," she answered.

"And pray, why not?" he asked.

"Well, in the first place," she answered, "ye read your sermon; an' in the second place, you didn't read it weel; an' in the third place, it wasn't worth the reading."

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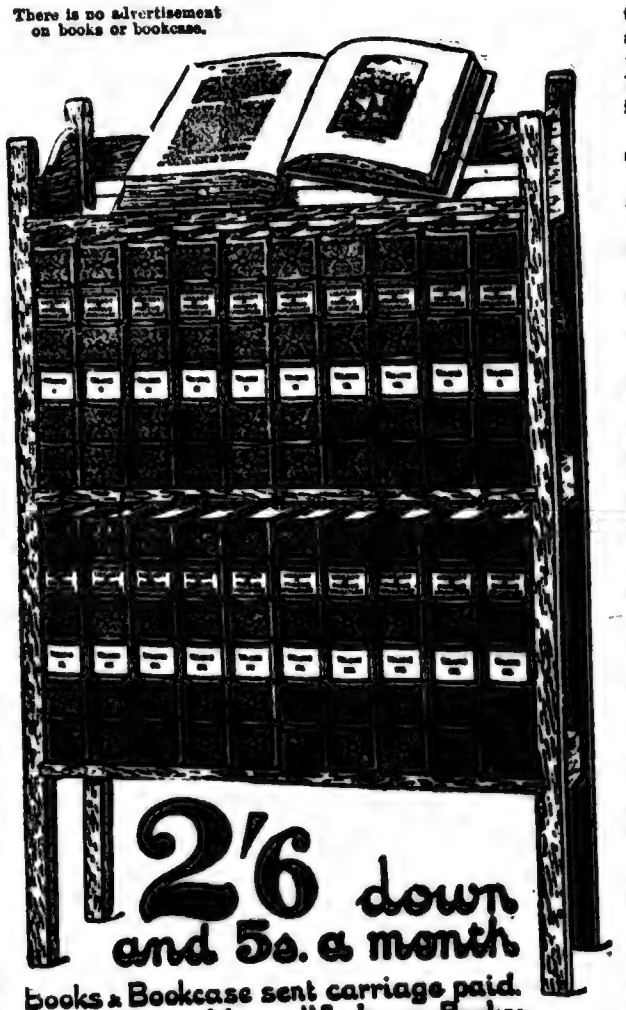

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THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW. . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Lemon Pudding comes in usefully when fresh fruit is scarce. Take half a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of suet chopped very fine, two ounces of sugar, two ounces and a half of flour, half the grated rind of a large lemon and two eggs. Mix all together, pour into a greased mould and steam for two hours and a half.

Hard Biscuits such as you have seen are made as follows: Weigh one pound of flour, add a little salt, and make it into a nice, smooth, stiff dough with new milk. Roll out very thin, divide into biscuits, and bake in a brisk oven for ten minutes. Place on a sieve till cold, and store in a tin. (*Reply to* REDDISH.)

Stewed Potatoes. Put into a frying pan a small piece of butter, or clarified beef dripping, a little chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a gill of milk, thickened with flour. Let this come to the boil, add cold boiled potatoes cut into slices, and let all cook gently for ten minutes. Add a little bit more butter and serve very hot.

Novel Way of Making Coffee. Take one ounce and a half of ground coffee and one pint of cold water, place both in a clean pan on the fire. Stir till it comes to the boil and then add a tablespoonful of cold water. Boil up again, add a tablespoonful of cold water and boil up once more. Draw the pan to the side of the stove, let it stand ten minutes so that the liquid clears. Strain through a piece of flannel carefully.

To Make Sugar Icing Smooth go over it carefully with a large knife dipped into boiling water. Smooth the whole surface in this way, working the knife in one direction, and constantly dipping it into the hot water. (*Reply to* R. MOADY.)

For Soup Stock. To every quart of water take one pound of shin of beef, ditto knuckle of veal or mutton, two carrots, two onions, a stick of celery, six cloves and six peppercorns. Simmer for six hours, skimming carefully all the time, strain, and when cold remove the fat. (*Reply to* MUSSORIE.)

Cod with Rice is an excellent way of using up the remains of cold cod, or any flaked fish. Mix two cupfuls of the fish with an equal quantity of hot steamed rice; add a pint of milk and two well-beaten eggs. Season to taste with salt, cayenne and anchovy essence, form into a mould dish with fine breadcrumbs, and bake for half an hour in a steady oven.

To Boil Dried Peas. Like yourself, I found dried peas varied greatly till the following instructions were sent me by a kind correspondent. Now we know the peas will be good, and a nourishing course is provided at a moderate price. Soak the peas overnight in boiling water, adding the powder, which is enclosed in each packet, or a pinch of bicarbonate of soda will do as well. Next day rinse the peas in fresh water and put on the fire in a saucepan containing cold water. Let the peas come to the boil and cook fast for a quarter of an hour, after which let them simmer for another fifteen minutes. While boiling add a lump of sugar and a sprig of mint. Serve with a good lump of butter and chopped parsley. (*Reply to* RITA, YORK.)

The Xmas Pudding should be prepared at once, as puddings improve by keeping. These quantities make a good family pudding. Three-quarters of a pound each of suet, breadcrumbs, raisins, currants, and sugar; half a pound of flour, and three eggs beaten with a little milk. Add spice to taste. Put into greased basin, pack in rather firmly and boil at a gallop for at least eight hours. Keep filling up the pan with boiling water and take out the puddings when the pan is still on the fire, and its contents boiling fast. *N.B.*—A teacupful of treacle added to these proportions is appreciated by some people instead of the sugar.

Salsify may be served in a variety of ways as follows: Scrape the roots, cut them into short lengths, and throw into vinegar and water as they are ready. Boil the salsify till tender in salted water, drain and toss in a saucepan with a piece of butter, a little lemon-juice, pepper and salt. Salsify is sometimes called the oyster vegetable, and is served in scallops, soup, etc., as the fish would be, after it is once boiled tender. Salsify makes a very good vegetable course at dinner if, after boiling, it is well floured and fried a golden brown in deep fat. Drain the vegetable and serve it with fried parsley. (*Reply to* SALSIFY.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

When Boiling Haddock fasten the head to the tail, adding only just sufficient water to cover, and boil slowly till cooked.

The Insects in Your Piano will probably disappear if you open the case and wipe the woodwork on the inside with a little paraffin. Leave this open till the smell has passed off. Procure some naphthaline, sew it up in small muslin bags, and put it inside the piano, taking care that it will not interfere with the action of the instrument. (*Reply to* EVESLEY, Morpeth.)

A Simple Cough Mixture, which would relieve the children, is this: Place in a jar six ounces of treacle, seven ounces of honey, and ten ounces of vinegar. Stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir till all the ingredients are mixed and warmed through. Then add three drachms of ipecacunnha wine, and bottle for use. The dose is one tablespoonful every three or four hours. (*Reply to* LIVERPOOL.)

Your Shirt, Collars, and Pocket-handkerchiefs will be beautifully white if you soap them in, and let them stay twenty-four hours. When boiling, use plenty of clean water, and rinse several times in clear water. The whiteness of linen depends greatly on plenty of rinsing water being used. The gloss on shirts and collars comes from much practice with the polishing-iron. Firm, even pressure with the "heel" of the iron is necessary. (*Reply to* WILSON, Ireland.)

To Remove Tar from Clothing. Apply to the stain with a piece of flannel successive applications of turpentine, coal-tar, naphtha, and benzine. If the stains are very old, they should be well rubbed with a flannel dipped into salad oil. This softens the tar, which will afterwards yield to the other treatments. (*Reply to* H. T.)

A Good Family Embrocation is made as follows: Put a beaten egg into a quart bottle, shake up with it a quarter of a pint of turpentine, and, when that is mixed thoroughly, add half a pint of vinegar. A small lump of both camphor and ammonia may be added afterwards. Cork the bottle tightly, and keep the embrocation always at hand. (*Reply to* GEO.)

To Make Soda-Water in a Tumbler. First weigh out powders containing thirty grains of bicarbonate of soda, and fold them in coloured paper. In white papers place twenty-five grains of tartaric or citric acid. Dissolve one of each powders in half a tumbler of cold water, then mix the contents of the two tumblers, and you will have a refreshing effervescing drink. (*Reply to* HANNAH.)

To Make Milk Digestible, all that is necessary is to shake it well, and to sip it slowly. Shake the milk violently for a few minutes in a covered goblet, and then drink immediately, but not hastily, before it has time to separate again. After standing for some hours, as, for instance, all the city milk has done on its way to town, the perfectly homogeneous article that came from the cow is separated, first by the rising of the cream from the caseous or cheesy milk, and later by the tendency to divide into whey or curd. Although this later process is perceptible only in souring milk, the fluid undergoes such constant changes that it should always be shaken before drinking it, unless it is taken quite warm from the cow.

To Cure a Ham. The quantities I quote are for two hams. Two pounds of salt, one cake of prunella, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay salt, one ounce and a half of juniper berries, one pound of treacle, one pint and a half of beer. Boil all together, and, when nearly cold, pour over the hams. The berries must be bruised and the other ingredients powdered before they are used. Turn the hams in the pickle and rub all over daily for three weeks.

To Clean Lace Window Blinds and Fringe. Procure some motor spirit from your ironmonger; if you take a wine bottle you will have it nearly filled for threepence. In a room without fire or artificial light begin your dry cleaning. Put sufficient motor spirit into a basin to cover one blind, let it soak a little while, and then squeeze it gently between the hands, but do not wring it. Place the lace on a thick, clean linen cloth and gently rub any soiled part with a linen rag. Spread the lace out on the grass or on a line, and when dry it should be as new. The same motor spirit will do several blinds. (*Reply to* IVANHOE.)

IT DOES MATTER.

THE housewife who neglects her appearance, or the details of household management, on the ground that "it doesn't matter," is sadly at fault.

Her attitude of mind is mistaken; first, because, if encouraged, it means a slackening of character and self-respect; and, second, because many of the things she neglects really do matter.

Spinsters rarely say "It doesn't matter," either in speaking of their looks or their surroundings.

On the contrary, they are occupied in polishing and making the most of such things, and this enables them to keep young in appearance and in mind.

When they begin to think that things don't matter, then they are labelled "old maids," and shelved.

WHERE PLAIN WOMEN WIN.

BEAUTY in many women is a wretched handicap, because being beautiful a woman fancies that she runs the gamut of charm, consequently she takes little pains to cultivate other gifts more potent than beauty itself can ever be.

The woman who starts out in life with a plain face, and a figure that is nothing to boast of, must needs be well equipped with good common-sense and the full knowledge that her individuality must more than compensate for the poverty of personal charm. Such a one is, then, at greater pains to please others rather than herself, and is rarely a wallflower. The laws of compensation work well in her behalf. She possesses a charm that her more beautiful sisters could never cultivate, and which is sure to bring her love that her more favoured sisters could never win unless they are gifted with natural beauties of the mind.

GENTLE HINTS.

NEVER dress older than you are. Dress younger.

Never wear old ladies' clothes, no matter how old you get to be. Forget there are such things as caps and wraps and shawls and easy-chair gowns.

Keep your figure young. You cannot hope to look young if your figure is old.

Take care of your hair. Straggly hair goes with old age. Old people don't trouble about their coiffure.

Sit up straight, walk erect, and be brisk in your manners. Old people lop down and are tired all the time. If you feel tired take walking exercise and massage, and get rid of that awful tired feeling.

Don't act as if you were old if you want to be young.

FILING TEETH FOR MARRIAGE.

SOME of the national marriage customs of other countries are distinctly quaint and interesting, and to us appear curious enough. Our conventional white satin and orange blossoms are certainly traditional, but otherwise, we indulge in no real madness apart from the throwing of rice and old shoes.

An instance of a curious marriage custom is that of Lower Ceylon, where a cocoanut, which is regarded as a sort of oracle, is sacrificed to the deities and devils as a solemn offering.

In Japan, the symbolic girdle, so much more expressive than our simple wedding ring, is the outward sign of marriage; while in Burma the piercing of the ears is the prelude to matrimonial considerations.

In Malay, however, the poor bride experiences a bad quarter of an hour before her marriage, inasmuch as she has to have her teeth filed down almost to the level of her gums, a process piteously painful as well as disfiguring. In spite of this pain, however, she is expected to participate in the wedding dance and festivities generally.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES.

WHY buy ready-made sleeping apparel when you can make it quite easily yourself? Perhaps it has never occurred to you that, with the aid of a reliable pattern and directions, you can make your clothes at quite a moderate cost compared with that which you would expend at a shop for things ready-made. Many people make their own underclothing, etc., and if you do not it will be as well for you to try your hand at it. With the aid of a really good pattern you will find no difficulty. But, of course, if you do not know how to manipulate a pattern it would not be of much use to you. That is the advantage of HOME NOTES patterns; you will always find in the same issue full directions for cutting out and making, etc. The pattern of a night-dress, sketch of which appears in the margin, is given away with every copy of HOME NOTES this week; price one penny.

Isobel

Five years' good pay for ten weeks' light work. (See first page.)

DROPSY IS NOT INCURABLE. HERE IS LONDON PROOF.

DOAN'S

Backache
Kidney
Pills
Are a CURE
for Rheumatism,
Lumbago,
Gravel,
Dropsy,
And
All
Other
Diseases
Of the KIDNEYS

Mr. Henry Cunnington, of 100 St. Dunstan's Road, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, London, W., wrote on 1st October, 1903:

"Dear Sirs,—Words fail to express my gratitude for the benefit I have received through Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. For a long time I endured pains in the back, and in the end I was obliged to call in the doctor. He ordered me to bed at once, and I was under his treatment for four months, when another doctor had to be called in. But even then I failed to get relief. Neither my wife nor I thought there was any hope for me.

"My legs, feet, and body now began to swell, and became a great size, and there was urinary trouble too.

"I went down to the seaside for a change, and my wife packed up a box of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills with my things. She was very anxious for me to try them, and I did so more to please her than anything else. The first box made me better, and encouraged me to continue with the medicine. I am now pleased to be able to write this letter and say that Doan's Pills have made me well again. I have been able to go back to my work, and although it was five months ago that I was cured, I have not needed to be away from work since. I can be on my feet all day without any pain or dropsical swelling, and my back does not hurt me at all when I stoop.

"Let me, by this letter, recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills to all who suffer as I did.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) HENRY CUNNINGTON."

On 12th June, 1905—*nearly two years later*—Mr. Cunnington said:—"Though it was nearly two years ago that I was cured by Doan's Backache Kidney Pills I am still well—in fact, I have never been ill since Doan's Pills cured me. My back has kept strong, and there has been no sign whatever of the dropsy returning."

Speaking about his illness, Mr. Cunnington went on to say: "My kidney disease came on slowly, and at first I didn't think it was worth worrying about. But, before long, my back gave out altogether; for the life of me I couldn't stoop. The doctor told me that I should never be able to do any more work; he said my kidneys were in a terribly congested state. . . . But here I am, as well as ever I was, and always glad to say a good word for the medicine which has done so much for me."

Mr. CUNNINGTON
(*From a Photo.*).

Cured of Dropsy by

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are 2/9 a box, or 13/9 for 6 boxes. They **cannot be bought loose**, but only in the 2/9 boxes, which may be had of all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

Backache,
Stiffness,
Nervousness,
Tiredness,
Sleeplessness,
Dizziness,
Irregular Heart,
Urinary Troubles,
Swellings,
Constant Thirst,
Are All
Symptoms
Of
KIDNEY Disease.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Is the little man bothered with his Teeth?

Are the days and nights wretched for the child, and just as wretched (because so anxious) for the mother? Well; that is easily put right. Give SCOTT'S EMULSION and teething loses all its terrors, anxieties, pains. SCOTT'S quickly quiets the little sufferer by giving tone and strength to the entire body. SCOTT'S is made of the purest medicinal cod liver oil blended with the valuable hypophosphites of lime and soda and made especially good for babies by the original, unique SCOTT process which, while completely removing the nastiness and indigestibility of the old-fashioned oil, makes it many times more nourishing. SCOTT'S supplies just those minute mineral properties which are so necessary if the teeth are to come through white and straight and strong.

3 Seymour Terrace, Anerley. 4th May, 1905.

"As soon as my little boy began teething he fell away and got very flabby and irritable. He also had a nasty cough which kept him awake at night. We gave him Scott's Emulsion. Now he is cutting his teeth very easily and has grown into a particularly fine child for his age."

R. M. Cox.

If you doubt that your baby will like Scott's, send for a free sample bottle and delightful child's picture-book "The Good-Time Garden" (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper). SCOTT and BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

"PLASMON COCOA CONTAINS ALL THE CONSTITUENTS ABLE TO SUPPORT LIFE."—*Lancet.*

AIDS DIGESTION.
PROMOTES
REFRESHING
SLEEP.

PLASMON COCOA

One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary Cocoa, *and is absolutely free from chemicals* and added starchy matter.

NOURISHES.
WARMS.
STRENGTHENS.

"Just remember that if you want your Soups, Sauces, Stews, Gravies or Ragoûts to have the flavour and nutrition that have made mine so popular, you must reinforce them with

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, etc., in Penny Packets and in 4½d., 6d., and 1/3 Tins.

REGD. G.M.R.

A READER points out a melancholy coincidence in connection with the payment of our £2,000 insurance. The accident, it will be remembered, occurred on July 27th last on the electrified portion of the Liverpool and Southport Railway. On July 27th, 1903—exactly two years before—the fatal accident at St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, occurred, in which one of our readers was killed, and whose widow also received £2,000.

"PICTURE RIDDLE" COMPETITION.

At the moment of going to press this competition is just closing. The competition checking department is piled up with scores of big post-office sacks crammed to the top with envelopes containing competitors' efforts. Although the number of entries is considerably in excess of that which we anticipated, every effort will be made to arrive at the result in as short a time as possible. Next week we shall be in a better position to tell you when you are likely to expect to hear news concerning the result.

HISTORY STUDENT inquires: "Who was Napoleon II.?"——Napoleon the Great had a son by his second wife, Marie Louise, who on his birth took the title of King of Rome. Napoleon was very fond of him, indeed, and positively doted upon his offspring. After Waterloo, when Napoleon abdicated, he proclaimed his son Napoleon II. Emperor of the French, But he never reigned, and was, in fact, degraded from even his title, "King of Rome." He was known afterwards as Duke of Reichstadt. The chief recognition of his title at all was given nearly forty years later, when Louis Napoleon took the title of Napoleon III.—not II. as everybody expected—thus admitting the "reign" of Napoleon's heir.

"WHY are Editors so touchy about having mistakes pointed out to them in their papers?" asks F. O. U., who was almost insulted by the Editor of his local paper recently for calling attention to an error in spelling.——*Are* Editors touchy about those things, F. O. U.? Dear, dear! Up here, a letter calling attention to an error is regarded by us as a strange and weird phenomenon, to be framed, or embalmed or bottled, and put in the editorial museum. Your local editor must be a strange sort of man. I can only conclude that you were not the first to point out the mistake to him, because, of course, you know, on papers where they make mistakes, sometimes more than one person tells the Editor, and when it gets to the 485th, he, perhaps, does get a bit peevish, you know.

"WHY," asks CLERICUS, "do employers always expect applicants for employment to state the salaries they expect? For instance, I am out of a job. I should like to get a salary of £5 per week, of course—or more—but I should not absolutely refuse £1, if nothing better turned up. I am willing to take whatever salary the duties are worth, and surely it should be the employer—not the employee—who should decide that point?"——I think CLERICUS is quite right. It is a trifle unfair to expect the applicant, who cannot know the nature of his duties, to name a salary. The employer knows what he is willing to pay, what he can afford to pay, and what he has been in the habit of paying, therefore he should name the figure. It is always open to the applicant to refuse or to ask for more. There are many people like CLERICUS who would like, and, perhaps, could earn, good salaries, but who would not refuse an opening because of a small salary. The only case where, I can see, the applicant should be asked to name his figure is when he is a specially qualified man, who is in a position to demand his price, and who is not driven by necessity to obtain an underpaid position.

THE RESULT OF THE BAZAAR COMPETITION.

The following competitors have sent in the twenty-five best suggestions, and have each been sent a gold-plated pencil-case:

W. Harwood, Fore Street, Wellington; W. Seed, Braithwell Rectory, Rotherham, York; W. G. Rubeck, 12 Stockwell Park Walk, Brixton, S.W.; J. D. Martin, 52 Carrington Street, Glasgow; J. C. Waterhouse, 146 Dairy House Road, Derby; M. Hubbard, 11 Goulton Road, Clapton, N.E.; J. Craig, 31 King Edward's Road, Maidstone, Kent; C. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ireland; M. Preston, 17 St. Mary's Road, Faversham, Kent; A. George, care of Mrs Williams, 39 Saville Street, Marylebone, W.; W. H. Chambers, 63 Mexfield Road, East Putney, S.W.; L. McGowan, Swinley, Wigan; A. Goodman, 11 Manor Road, West Ealing; A. F. Haddow, 10 Clive Street, Barrow-in-Furness; A. Smith, 59 Chapel Street, Cheadle, Staffs.; U. Wilde, care of Mrs. Matthews, 121 Chapter Road, Willesden Green, N.W.; E. F. Sheldon, 19 Lysways Street, Walsall; J. L. Warner, 5 Hyde Road Eastbourne; F. Boothby, 25 Parkhouse Street, Camberwell; N. Kilburn, 13 South Place, Kennington, S.E.; T. Hall, Westfield House, Yeadon, Leeds; Mrs. M. Holmes, L. and P. Bank House, Rainham, Kent; Miss L. Williams, The Willows, Sealand, Chester; J. Kellas, 31 High Street, Inverurie, Aberdeen; G. Senior, 13 North Park Road, Harrogate.

MR. NOTEBOOK has been inundated with replies to the conundrum, "Why is a Scotsman like a Motor-car?" and has sent a little gift to each of the following: R. Brook, 23 Torridge Road, Thornton Heath; C. E. Kempster, 115 Mortlake Road, Ilford, Essex; J. Johnston, 21 Little Victoria Street, Belfast; G. Bailie, 15 Mespil Road, Dublin; G. Pryborn, 155 Newport Road, Bradwell, Wolverton, Bucks.; G. Lawson, 64 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow.

F. R. M. (Glasgow) sends me the following: "The commercial was seated in the carriage opposite the funny man of the company, who plied the commercial with questions and funny things, and closely investigated as to the probable line he was in. The commercial bent forward and whispered something in his ear which kept him in silence till he reached his destination. After he had gone the knight of the road was asked how he had silenced him. 'I told him I was an undertaker's traveller, and if he left a deposit of 10s. with the station-master I would see him buried for 15s.'"

HERE is an opportunity for the ingenious. Have you ever reckoned up the minutes you lose in a day doing little things that must be done, but that seem to take longer to do than they should? Your boots, for instance, take a few minutes to lace. There surely ought to be a simpler and quicker way of adjusting one's footgear. I will give twenty-five boxes of Messrs. Tom Smith's famous Christmas crackers for the twenty-five best suggestions of how to save the odd minutes. These boxes, which are specially manufactured for us, are 20 inches by 10 inches in size, and are filled with four dozen splendid, fat crackers full of the latest novelties. Next week I will offer twenty-five more boxes. Now is the time to get your Christmas crackers on the cheap. The closing date for this contest is December 4th. Postcards only, please, addressed to the Cracker Competition Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*.

"Is there anything wrong about a boy riding on a car or 'bus when the conductor is upstairs?" P. J. wishes to know, as he is not quite sure whether he ought to lecture the boys in his Sunday-school class about indulging in the habit.——From the moral point of view, if I were P. J., I should turn the lecture on red-hot. It is certainly a very vicious principle for a boy to get into the habit of taking a ride on a car without paying for it. Though he is not stealing anything tangible, he is, nevertheless, robbing the company of their traction power, and adding to the burden of their horses, if only by a fractional amount. It is not a very far cry from riding on a tram-car without paying to taking other things, and ultimately acquiring dishonest habits. But, between P. J. and myself, and outside Sunday-school, there is not very much harm in it. Both P. J. and myself used to do it when we were boys, and—look at us both now.

CITY MAN writes: "Do you believe in roller-top desks?"——Certainly. They have many advantages. Seated behind one of them, a man gives a certain impression of dignity and importance to a caller. Should the caller be troublesome, the desk can be used like a Boer kopje. You can conceal yourself behind it, and at the same time seriously damage done with books, rulers, or inkpots. A roller-top desk contains countless pigeon-holes into which one can push documents without destroying or seeming to lose them. On a slack day the r.t.d. is invaluable to sit and think at. The accumulation of papers and other paraphernalia will completely prevent one's disturbing one's train of thought by attempts at work. It can be used as a wardrobe or pantry, and —I fear—as a wine or spirit-cellar. You can keep things on it which nobody would suspect you to possess. While, however, the r.t.d. has all these advantages, I myself strongly advise everybody who can afford it to keep at the same time a neat, plain, wooden table. Use it for work, solely for work, and nothing but work, and see to it that on no account you ever leave on that table *one* paper that has not been attended to. If you do that, I see no objection to your indulging the luxury of an r.t.d. for purposes of dignity, self-defence, meals, dressing, and poetic contemplation.

EARLY RISER has been taking a mean advantage of my pristine innocence. He means well, but through this office there is a wild, unconquerable longing for his blood. Let me tell how it happened. EARLY RISER sent in the following method of rising at any specified time without the aid of an alarm clock: "When you are ready to go to bed, gaze on the hour on your watch or clock at which you wish to rise. Gaze intently (concentrating your whole mind upon it), then gradually let your eye travel around the face of the chronometer till it again rests on the selected hour. Look steadfastly. Concentrate your mind. Blow out your candle and retire to bed. You will wake at the right time.——So far so good. In the innocence of my Editorial heart I called in my subs. and broached the subject gently. Early rising is a topic that is generally avoided in this office as being indelicate. I issued the command: "Try it." Next morning the senior sub. was late. "Tried it?" I asked. "Ye-es," he said with a yawn, and for the first time I noticed the bleary, washed-out, haggard look he wore. I asked him a few questions. I made a few remarks. They all related to the ordinary business of the paper. His answer was uniform though not always relevant. It was "Ye-es," and then that yawn. At last he ceased to answer at all. I looked at him. He slept—sweetly, but soundly. We woke him at last, and he opened his heavy eyes. "Wake up!" I said. "Ye-es," he said, yawned, and fell asleep again. Later I learned it was that cruel suggestion of EARLY RISER, and all the subs. had suffered, though in different ways. One recommends the scheme as an excellent sleep composer, having himself slept on till nearly eleven; but another contends that a plan that wakes you every ten minutes through the night, though quite likely to wake you at any specified hour, is too exciting for frequent use.

H. M. writes: "I am a railway man by trade, and about a fortnight ago was firing on a train through a place called Haughley Junction, on the Great Eastern. I was looking at an engine which was shunting on the Mid-Suffolk Light Railway, when I noticed a bird sitting in the cab of the engine where the driver and fireman stand. I went across to have a look, and found that it was a rook. The bird had been wounded some time before close to the line, and was picked up by the driver. It was taken on the engine and cared for and fed till it got quite well again, and now shows no inclination to leave its present quarters. It is quite tame, and sits on the driver's hand and takes its food. I wonder if any of your readers know where else a rook is kept as a pet?"

S. M. is much worried over the popular phrase, "If the cap fits, put it on." "Sometimes a fellow at the office," he writes, "makes some remark which obviously he intends for me. If, however, I say anything, he instantly replies, 'If the cap fits, put it on.' In this way I am prevented from replying to all sorts of vulgar insinuations for fear of admitting them to be true. What do you think of this?"——I think the phrase is a particularly idiotic one. Because a cap fits is no reason whatever why one should put it on. But logic will, I fear, not kill people of the type of S. M.'s tormentor. He should try more drastic measures. Next time he says anything indirectly intended for you, and asks "if the cap fits," say, "Yes, it does fit, and I'm going to put it on this time!" And then invite him to meet you after office hours, and see you wear it, for five minutes or so. I think that would stop the annoyance once for all.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING } INSURANCE.

488 Claims already paid, including two of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an *accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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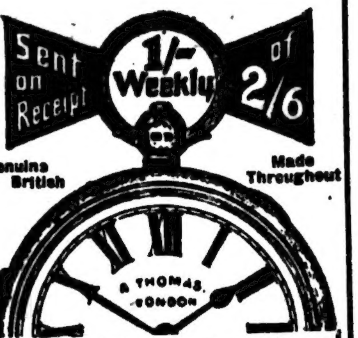

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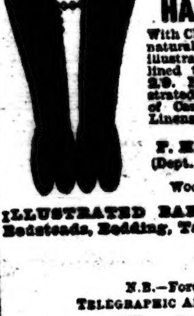

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